



The Grail

AUGUST, 1931

A Pilgrim in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

Sweet Lavender

E. SETON

How Heaven came to Sarah

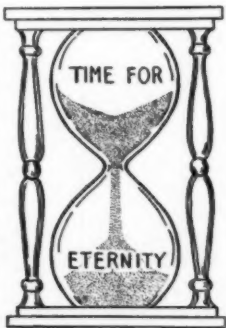
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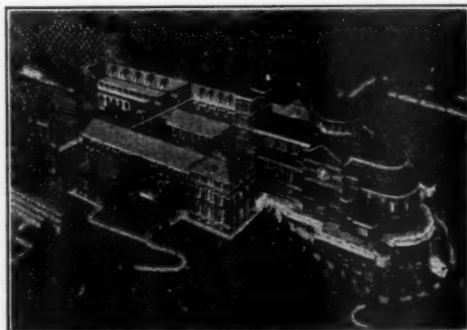
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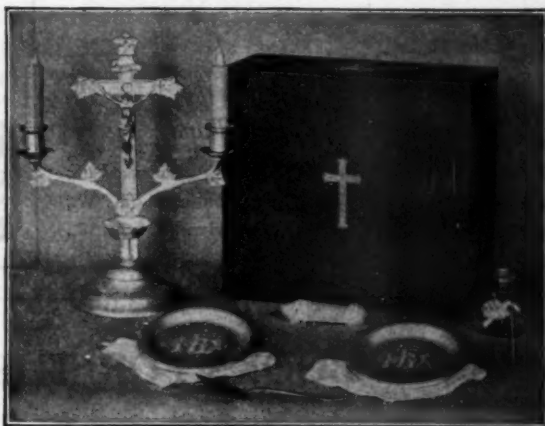
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The Grail

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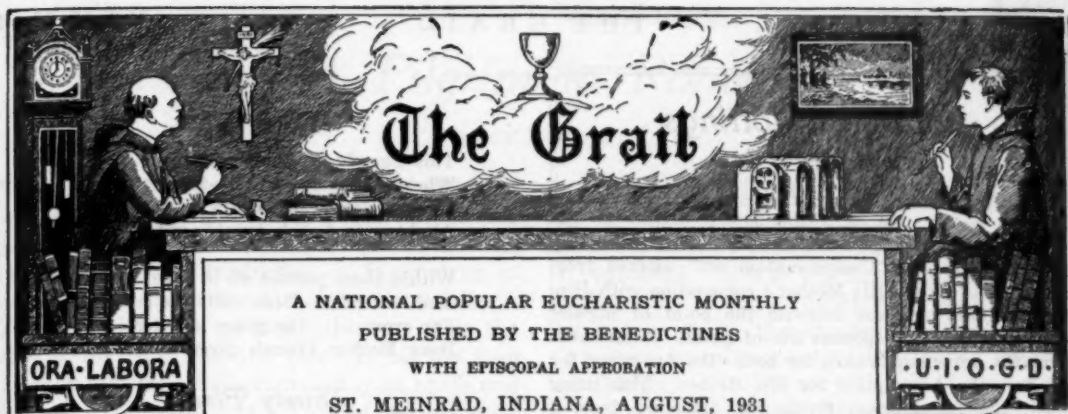
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ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Passing of a Devout Father

The edifying death of Mr. John Kilkenny, who recently passed to his reward at Parkton, Maryland, recalls to mind pioneer days in the West, where the writer grew up, when priests were scarce and churches were few and far between. Similar conditions, of course, still obtain in many places throughout the land—and in other parts of the world too.

We read in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* that when the sons and daughters of Mr. Kilkenny were little boys and girls and it was impossible to attend Sunday Mass, he "used to call them to the parlor of their home on Sunday morning and there read the Mass for them.

"With his wife kneeling beside him, Mr. Kilkenny read the prayers slowly and eloquently; especially solemn and eloquent was he as he read the sacred words of the Consecration of the Mass.

"After he had finished the reading of the prayers, Mr. Kilkenny would lead his little congregation in the recitation of the Rosary.

"These services were conducted every Sunday on which it was impossible, because of weather conditions, or for other valid reasons, for Mr. Kilkenny to go with his family to St. Joseph's Church, Texas, Md., far distant.

"Whenever it was humanly possible for him to get his family to the church, Mr. Kilkenny put the wife and children in the family carriage and took them fasting to St. Joseph's, where they went to confession before Mass and received Holy Communion at the Holy Sacrifice. This was before he moved to Baltimore thirty years ago.

"Every member of the Kilkenny family grew up with a love for the Mass. One of the boys became a priest. This son, the Rev. J. Lawrence Kilkenny, assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church, Washington, sang the Solemn Mass of Requiem at his father's funeral.

If all Catholic parents were equally pious and zealous for the faith as was Mr. Kilkenny, we should not hear so much about leakage—loss to the Church. How

many of those who for one reason or another cannot attend the Sunday Mass ever think of making up their loss, in as far as they may, by setting aside for prayer a special time of the day—preferably about Mass time, which may be spent in reading the prayers of the Mass, making a spiritual Communion, saying the Rosary, litanies, and other approved prayers? In a word, "Keep holy the Sabbath day," as God Himself commands.

We live amid so many distractions that it seems almost impossible to devote even a short portion of the Sunday to prayer and recollection. The automobile, the radio, the victrola and other modern inventions, while very useful in themselves, and often a blessing to mankind, are frequently a source of distraction and not seldom the cause of neglect of duty.

How to Treat a Catholic Paper

Treat your Catholic paper considerably and courteously. Treat it as a good friend whom you would favor if you could, and whose good opinion you wish to retain. If there is ever a doubt in your mind, give your friend the benefit of your doubt.

Regard your Catholic paper as a co-worker in the cause. It holds up the flag of the faith. See that the standard bearer is supported.

When you do business with the Catholic paper, try to do it pleasantly, cheerfully, and with kind words. Above all—and this is the best courtesy—do business according to the business rules which the Catholic paper requests you to follow. Be sure that, if you comply, there will never be any misunderstanding.—*The Prairie Messenger*.

Blessed is the man who strives daily to quench Christ's thirst for souls. Every Catholic can do this by praying for the conversion of sinners.

The best way to save time is to lose a half hour of it every morning in hearing Holy Mass. How many occasions of dissipation during the remainder of the day does not this half hour, conscientiously lost, remove.—Frederick Ozanam.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

On Calvary Christ reached the climax of His earthly pilgrimage in the "Consummatum est" uttered from His cross of pain. His Mother's compassion with Him in His sufferings was likewise the point of highest achievement in her spotless life of grace. Afterwards came the crowning reward for both—the Ascension for the Son, the Assumption for His Mother. This latter feast, the Assumption, rivets our attention from a liturgical point of view during the month of August. It is true there are other feasts of Mary which fall during this month, Our Lady of the Snows on August 5, for instance; July gave us the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, September will usher in the beautiful remembrance of Mary's Nativity. But for the present we are concerned with the glorification of the Mother of God in her Assumption into heaven.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

This feast is one of very early origin, since it claimed quite general recognition as a principal feast before the middle of the sixth century. Some liturgists contend that it was introduced into the Eastern Church by Pope Damasus I, who died in 384.

ITS OCTAVE

Pope Benedict XIV tells us that the following incident led Pope St. Leo IV to institute the celebration of the octave of this feast in 855. The city of Rome was greatly disturbed at the beginning of this pope's pontificate by the presence of a horrible basilisk in the neighborhood about the church of St. Luke. The poisonous fumes issuing from the den of this dreaded creature had already caused the death of a number of persons, when the pope came in procession on Assumption Day to beg the Blessed Virgin to put a stop to the evil. A large picture of the Mother of God was carried in the procession, and, having reached the infested spot, all knelt down and prayed fervently to the Virgin. Immediately the cause of the disturbance vanished from their midst and was seen no more.

We behold in this recital an added reason why we should signalize our celebration of the feast of the Assumption and its octave with a particular confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. If she was so powerful many centuries ago in driving out evil beings which threatened the lives of men, we can rest assured that she has always been more potent in her conflicts with the powers of darkness which strive to ruin men's eternal fortune.

Communion helps us to keep our baptismal robe of purity.

Sanctuary

ANNE ROBINSON

This Temple is a holy place
Where I may meet God—face to face;
Where ever-sacred altars rise
Alight with Love's true Sacrifice.

Within these portals all is pure
And beautiful. Here waits the cure
For every ill; the peace and rest
Dear Mother Church gives to the blest.

Thirsty Places

MARION EVERETT HAYN

I cannot see the flowers wave—
The grasses press against the tree
That shades their blossoms—tawny—rose—
But that I think of Thee.
It was no chance that set the palm
In desert dry and thirsty places,
Where in the burning sea of calm
Its shadows brighten weary faces;
It was no chance; Ah! well I know
That kind of tree is better so;
And shadows lurking like the tree
Give just the shade that's best for me.

A Prayer and a Vision

LONA PEARSON MACDORMAN

For all our careless thoughtless ways,
For all our wasted yesterdays,
Thy pardon, Lord, we now implore;
We see through mists of falling tears,
The idle days of our past years—
The days that shall return no more.

When Thou didst knock at our heart's door,
(Though we had heard Thee oft before,)
We turned Thee sorrowful, away;
Now in our penitence and shame,
Our lips with reverence breathe Thy name—
Oh, hear us, Lord,—forgive, we pray.

Then, as we knelt there in the gloom,
A soft voice seemed to fill the room,
A voice of tenderest sympathy;
"Waste not the hours in vain regret,
Thou still hast time for service yet,
Go save one erring soul for me."

"Go, though the night be dark and cold,
Bring one stray lamb back to the fold,
And thine shall be a rich reward;
A mansion shall be built for thee
To be thine own eternally."
Thus spoke our dear forgiving Lord.

A Pilgrim in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

TO the reflective mind the mere mention of Rome is an inspiration, and a visit to this glorious city of the Cæsars, so rich in history, in monuments, in traditions, is fascinating in its interests and educational in its influence. To the Catholic in an especial sense, it is the city of his soul, the one place in all his long journey where he feels thoroughly at home and where he longs to stay. To him the majestic ruins of the Colosseum tell the thrilling story of the glorious martyrs of the first centuries, and the Catacombs are eloquent of the hunted Christians who found refuge in their gloomy depths. The records of imperial greatness, the splendor of the treasures of art and literature, all the glory of antiquity are of secondary interest compared with the venerable churches and hallowed altars where martyrs, saints, and holy ones of God have prayed and bedewed with their tears and their blood.

To see the spot where Peter was crucified, to follow Paul along the Via Ostia, to linger in the houses of Cecilia and Agnes; to ascend the "Scala Santa," the holy steps of Pilate's house where the sacred feet of Christ passed; to kiss the drops of His blood—these far outweigh visits to galleries and monuments filled, though they are, with the highest expression of human genius. To enjoy the spiritual excellence of Rome, to find the *soul* of the Eternal City, is the goal of every Catholic heart.

I want to tell you about some landmarks

on this glorious pilgrimage. In the great Basilica of Santa Croce there is the chapel where the relics of the Passion of Christ are especially venerated. It was my happiness to visit it during Holy Week. The Holy Cross, the nail, the thorns from the diadem of Sorrow and Expiation were exposed to the loving eyes of the faithful.

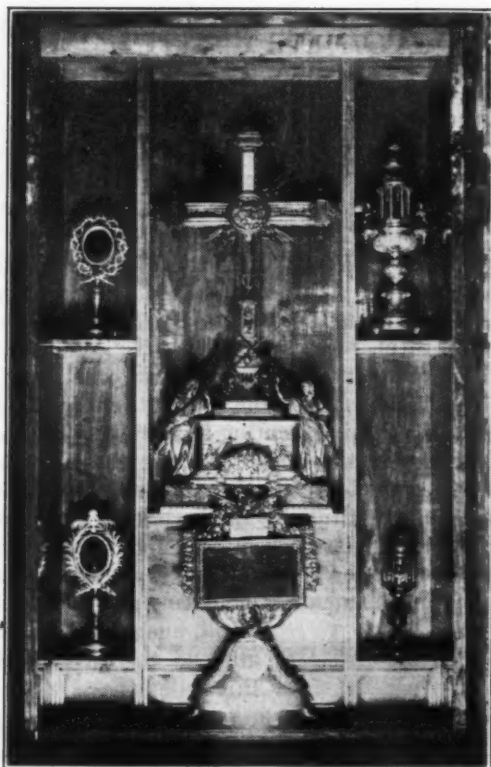
The reliquary of the Holy Cross consists of a silver gilt cross. In the center there is a bas-relief in gold representing the Trinity. In golden letters in the upper part are these words: "He was made obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." In the lateral arms and in the lower part are placed, under rock crystal, the three pieces of the glorious relic. Graceful ornaments of gold, tiny globes of lapis lazuli, enamelled foliage all lend their beauty to this reliquary.

A part of the title that Pilate caused to be fixed to the Cross and which said: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," is also in the Chapel of the Relics. The case which contains it is rectangular, open in front where, under crystal, the tablets with the Latin and Greek inscription and the remains of the Hebrew can be seen. It is surrounded by a festoon of roses which form a crown at the top.

When St. Helena found the Cross, the nails which pierced the Hands and Feet were with it. She had one nail put into the helmet of Constantine as a protection in battle and a pledge of victory; an-



STAIRWAY TO CHAPEL OF RELICS



THE RELICS

other she lowered into the Adriatic to save vessels during storms; a third she placed in the Basilica of the Holy Cross. The reliquary resembles a monstrance. Above the base a circle of columns forms a peristyle. On this a smaller peristyle supports a dome surmounted by a Greek Cross. The Sacred Nail occupies the center of the larger peristyle. It is head downwards and is blunt,—the point is broken off.

After the soldiery had scourged Our Lord to add to the insult and the torture, they crowned Him with thorns. This crown is now in the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, but two thorns from it are among the relics of Santa Croce. They are straight points of wood and are in a reliquary shaped like a crown of thorns in the center of which behind crystal rise the two sacred thorns that formed part of the painful wreath for the suffering Savior.

As I knelt before these precious relics, the

various scenes of the Passion passed before my eyes. Some days later when there was no crowd, being early morning, I had the inexpressable joy of kissing them and of examining them more closely.

On Good Friday I went to the sanctuary in charge of the Passionist Fathers containing the Scala Santa and the Sancta Sanctorum. The throng was enormous—the Italians have a great devotion to this shrine—and it was a difficult task to ascend the holy steps on my knees. But it was such an appropriate day for the devotion that I scorned all considerations of comfort and gladly offered up the slight inconvenience to the Crucified Savior.

Directly in front of the main door of the shrine the Scala Santa, consisting of twenty-eight steps, is situated. This stairway belonged to the palace occupied by Pilate in Jerusalem where he held his court or pretorium, and where on that first Good Friday he pronounced the sentence of death upon the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world. Jesus therefore went up and down these stairs several times during His Passion and left on them the marks of His bleeding feet. Many saints have ascended these stairs shedding tears of devotion as they meditated on the Passion of Christ. A touching story is told of Pius IX who, on the eve of his imprisonment, (19 September 1870), came to the Scala Santa and, despite his seventy-eight years, mounted the twenty-eight steps. Reaching the top, he stretched out his trembling arms towards the Crucifix and prayed aloud with such fervor that his listeners were moved to tears. For him, it was indeed the beginning of his own passion.

At the head of the Holy Stairs is the chapel called "Sancta Sanctorum," because of the precious memories attached to it as well as for the priceless objects which it contains. As I looked through the iron grating, I could read the inscription over the altar: "Non est in toto sanctorum orbe locus" (There is no holier place in all the world). This was the domestic chapel of the Popes in the old Lateran palace and the only part of that papal residence to escape the great fire of 1308. The chapel contains many precious relics placed there by St. Gregory the Great in 540, and by St. Leo III in 795. St. Sylvester was the first to consecrate the chapel

and the altar erected there was dedicated from the beginning to the martyr, St. Lawrence. During the entire period of the Middle Ages the Popes celebrated Mass publicly and privately at this altar. It is still one of the Papal Altars at which the Pontiff alone may celebrate.

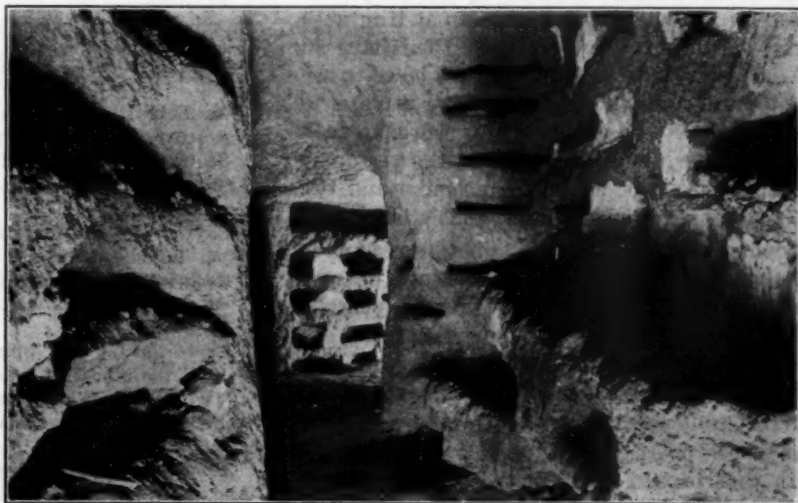
The most remarkable object in the Sancta Sanctorum is the celebrated picture of Our Lord known as the *Acheiropita*, that is to say, "not made by human hands," for pious tradition holds that it was completed by heavenly aid. The figure of Christ is painted on a panel of cedar-wood; the wood however being covered with plates of silver only the face and the feet of the Savior are visible. As the sacred image was exposed during Holy Week I had the privilege of seeing it. It looked very old and dim yet there was about it something that made my heart beat faster and caused the tears to rush to my eyes. I knelt and prayed to Him who was dragged over the *Scala Santa*, who was condemned by the unjust Pilate, who was scourged at a pillar and crowned with thorns.

The morning of my visit to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus had a real spring setting. The air was soft and balmy and the light breeze was gratefully cool. The sky—those glorious Italian skies!—was like a blue dome where wispy clouds seemed the lovely pattern of some ivory mosaic.

As my little carriage rolled along the Via Appia the Campagna was a field of gold and the line of the far-off hills was as clear as if but yesterday the heavenly Artist had traced it on His vast canvas. Pines and cypresses lined the road until it dipped into the lovely valley of the *Almo*. Then I was looking at the little chapel of "*Domine, quo Vadis?*" built on the spot

where Our Lord appeared to St. Peter as he was fleeing from Rome. How vividly that scene floated before me in the bright sunshine! Peter, the generous, the impulsive one, was withdrawing from the city where the storm of cruel persecution was raging. He had yielded to the pleading of the Christian converts not to expose his life, so necessary to the afflicted Church. As he hurried along he was amazed to see Our Lord traveling towards the city. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" he exclaimed. His Divine Master with a look of infinite tenderness and reproach answered: "I go to Rome to be crucified anew." Peter immediately turned back and was cast into prison. What a dramatic episode! What a story told in a few sentences by two figures in such a great contrast: Christ, serene and beautiful and sad, and Peter, startled and joyful and repentant.

A few seconds later I was at the entrance of the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. A Trappist monk gave me a lighted taper and I joined his little group of English-speaking pilgrims. As we walked down the flight of stairs we left behind the brilliant light of the sun and were plunged into the darkness of the earth's deepest caverns. I groped along the passages and my flickering taper cast fearsome shadows on the narrow niches in this city of the dead. I could hardly realize that crowds of Christians



CATACOMBS

sought refuge in these dark recesses and like hunted animals remained here for weeks until the blood-thirst of the human wolves had been sated.

The tomb chapel of the Popes is a room of large size containing the graves of the earliest Popes, many of them martyrs. In the Crypt of St. Cecilia, entered from that of the Popes, the body of the heroic virgin was first laid after her martyrdom in her own house in the Trastevere. In the tomb of Pope St. Cornelius are two wall paintings of bishops in priestly garments with inscriptions declaring them to be St. Cornelius and St. Cyprian of Carthage who were martyred on the same day.

Some of the frescoes and symbols over the graves are very touching. The dove, typical of the Christian soul winging its flight to Paradise, is most frequently used. The anchor, expressive of hope, and the palm branch, the sign of victory and of martyrdom, come next in popularity. The "Good Shepherd," generally painted on the central space of the arched ceiling, is quite the most favorite subject. Again and again as I walked along I saw it frescoed on the walls of the vaults. Sometimes it was merely scratched upon the gravestones, sometimes traced in gold upon glass, sometimes sculptured on sarcophagi. Our Lord is represented as a youth in a shepherd's frock and sandals, upon His shoulders the "lost sheep" that He has found on the rocky hillside. The sheep feed around Him or gaze up at Him with loving devotion. How the first Christians in the darkness of these funereal halls loved to see this picture of the Shepherd of their souls, who came into the wilderness of this world to seek and save the human race, and gather into the green pastures of eternity the lambs and the sheep that He had sought at such a sacrifice!

Some of the inscriptions cannot be read save through a blur of tears: "Sweetest, dearest Antonia, may God refresh thee in peace"; "Pray for us, because we know that thou art in Christ"; "Sabbatius, sweet soul, pray and entreat for thy brethren and comrades."

Irresistibly touching to see through the dimness of centuries these signs of a vivid faith, a faith that proved itself in the Colosseum and in the cruel sea of persecution that ran red through the streets of Rome; a faith that

strengthened tender youth and feeble age; a faith that, on this April day in 1931, was still giving its inspiration, its fervor to the Catholic pilgrims who filed slowly, reverently through the dark corridors of this House of the Dead. Silent and peaceful it all is now that the stress of life is over and the victory won.

Quietly I ascended the stairs. The noon sun was high in the heavens and the faint echoes of the great restless activity that is so characteristic of the modern Rome were all around me. For a brief hour I had lived with the saints and martyrs of the dawn of Christianity; I had read in imperishable rock the first thrilling chapters of their heroic story; I had visioned their shadowy forms floating about me in the narrow radiance of my tapers. I felt that I had in very truth laid my hand upon the heart of the Eternal City. The Rome of the past, the Rome of the present gradually merged until there was but one glorious city, the Rome where Peter still lives!

Before God all men are equal; hence the Holy Eucharist is given at the same banquet table to rich and poor alike.

Distance from church and engrossing occupations are no hindrance to the practice of making spiritual communions.

The Way of Light

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

As the swift ship revolves the sea to foam,
One scurrying streak from harbour unto harbour,
So travels on my soul from home to home,—
And to the end may it retain its ardour!

Say not my life fares as a shooting star,
From darkness born and dying in like wise;
Such words will not my full assurance mar,
That even dark nights have their spangled skies.

There the Light of Spirit shines serene,
For all the echoes of infidels' laughter;
'Twixt boldness and despair they know no mean
And they are blind to That Which Cometh After.

From God's one Hand was I set on my way,
And, when that course is o'er, a kindlier one
Will prove itself my everlasting stay,
If in the light of grace my life was run.

How Heaven Came to Sarah

E. MILLWARD

EAGERLY, anxiously, against the dusty pane of the overcrowded shop window, Sarah Smoth pressed her stubby nose. Yes, it was still there, back in a corner, half hidden by a mandolin with only one string—a small oil painting of surf beating on a sandy shore.

As the nine-year-old girl's grey eyes fell on the blue-green of the painted ocean, the white of the foam and spray, and the sails of a four-masted schooner on the horizon, they lighted with pleasure, a pleasure as great as her relief that the picture had not yet been sold. For Sarah, little orphan Sarah, desired that picture more than she desired anything else in the world. Some day she hoped it would be hers—when she had the price saved up.

Now, as she peered through the window, standing on tiptoe the better to see, her heart beneath the pink dress was beating excitedly. Perhaps—perhaps if she were to go inside and speak to old Mr. Lowenstein, the proprietor of the shop, and tell him how much money she had already saved towards the purchase of the picture, he might put it aside for her and sell it to no one else.

But that required courage, for, to Sarah's mind, Mr. Lowenstein, behind his grey, bushy beard, was a formidable man. However, at last Sarah crossed the threshold of the shop.

"And I know it's fifteen shillings, and I've only ten saved up; but could you, if I give you the ten shillings now, save the picture for me?" she found herself explaining to the terrifying Mr. Lowenstein, "and in ten weeks when I have the rest, I'll come in and pay you—"

The old man looked down at the child's eager face, the large, luminous, excited eyes. He noted the orphanage clothes, the thick-soled high shoes, the cotton stockings. His heart was touched. Besides he had bought that picture from a shabby painter for five shillings, and it had been in his window for a long time.

"Ten weeks—" he began.

Sarah, fearing refusal, hastened to explain further. She was not "simply one of the orphans" in the asylum, though she had lived

there ever since she could remember. She was a worker. She swept and cleaned and ran errands. She was out on one now, and had to get back quickly. She helped in the kitchen, peeled potatoes and the like. And—breathlessly she spoke—she was paid sixpence every week, except weeks when she had been naughty. But if Mr. Lowenstein would keep the picture for her she would be very, very good, and bring him her earnings every week until the five shillings should be paid.

With a queer choking in his throat the old man stopped her, laying a kindly hand on her thin shoulder, and his mouth worked behind the beard.

"You won't have to save any more," he said gently. "The price of the picture was fifteen shillings, but I'll let you have it for ten. It's yours."

"Mine! For ten shillings! Mine!" The child could not believe him, could not realize he meant what he said. Smilingly he reassured her, and while she fumbled with a small black bag for her collection of pennies, he opened up the back of the window, took the picture out and placed it in her hands.

She received it with a little squeal of joy. Then, as fast as her thin little legs would carry her, she raced back to the orphanage.

Fortunately she got in and succeeded in concealing the small picture in the cupboard where were kept the brooms and pails that Sarah used in her daily tasks. For instinctively she knew that Miss Morgan, the matron, and her special taskmistress, would disapprove of her purchase, perhaps even take it way from her...

Life, after that, was full of joyous days for Sarah Smoth, who had been so named by Miss Morgan, who prided herself on her originality. Most of her playtime—she had some, despite the many hours of toil—was spent huddled up in the cramped broom cupboard with its one small window, gazing at the picture which had brought so much gladness to her starved little heart.

She wove stories around it. Sometimes she

imagined herself on board the great schooner with the white, white sails. Or on a beach by the real sea. Or bathing in the blue waters that seemed to call from the picture.

The colors delighted her. The undertone of green in the blue of the painted ocean; the warm yellow of the sand; the cool brown of the shadows beneath a palm tree. She wished she might paint pictures too.

Which, of course, was a ridiculous wish, for Sarah was an orphan in an institution where beauty and color were unknown, and where the children were taught to read and write and add, and little else. And yet Sarah dreamed that perhaps some day she would be a painter herself and travel over magic seas to lovely lands.

* * * * *

It was spring. The air—even in the crowded city streets where the orphanage was situated—was sweet, and occasionally, on the soft breeze, came a tang of salt from the distant sea. The days were longer. The stars at night were brighter. And in the heart of little Sarah Smoth unrest stirred.

She was wistful and absent-minded. That showed itself in her work, and earned for her disapprobation of Miss Morgan, who scolded her, and eventually fined her three weeks' pay. But Sarah minded no punishment as long as there was the cupboard to creep into, and her picture to gaze at, and dreams to be dreamed.

Then suddenly her make-believe world toppled about her. Miss Morgan discovered the painting, forced from the tearful child the story of its purchase, censured her severely for "wasting her money on such things," and took her treasure!

Poor little Sarah! That night she sobbed herself to sleep, her head buried in the pillows so that she would not be heard. In the morning, heavy-eyed, her head throbbing, she arose, and set about the tasks of the day. But she moved slowly, listlessly, and Miss Morgan was very cross. Once Sarah managed a timid question, something she had been boggling over ever since she had awakened at six o'clock. "Please, Miss Morgan, if I'm very good, and if I work hard and make no mistakes, may—may," her lip trembled, "may I have my picture back?"

"Most certainly not!" the matron replied angrily.

The child was desperate. She attempted to argue: "Please, please," she begged, "do give it back to me. I'll be awfully good. And I'll do everything you tell me. Only, please let me have my picture—"

"What picture, Miss Morgan?"

At the sound of the unexpected voice both the matron and Sarah started and turned quickly. Standing behind them was a lady with a calm, sweet face whom Miss Morgan immediately recognized as a new member of the board of managers of the institute, who had called once before—as the matron had reason not to forget.

"Why, Miss Waldron," she beamed, and her voice changed to swift cordiality, "how did you get here? I wasn't expecting a visit from any of the committee to-day."

Miss Waldron didn't smile and she ignored the question. Her kind eyes were on little Sarah Smoth. "What is the picture that the child is asking for? And what has she done that she should be crying?" the visitor asked.

Miss Morgan was embarrassed. Miss Waldron had a habit of asking all kinds of questions. "Well, you see it's this way—" she commenced. But not before she had dismissed Sarah to the kitchen.

Patiently Miss Waldron heard her through to the end. Then:

"But what possible harm is there in the child having the picture? Especially since it gives her so much pleasure. And you say she bought it with her own money, poor little thing."

Miss Morgan endeavored to justify herself. "It—it was the secrecy of the whole thing," she stammered. Miss Waldron said nothing. She was thinking. Presently she spoke.

"Send the child to me. I want to talk with her. What's her name?"

"Sarah, Sarah Smoth."

"Sarah Smoth! What a name—I suppose she was christened that here." Miss Waldron had been learning many things since her recent appointment to the board. "But send her to me. At once. Don't let her wait to get tidied up."

Miss Morgan sniffed, leaving hastily, glad to get away from the younger woman. In a minute

she returned with Sarah, who had been cleaning a stove in the kitchen and looked it.

"You may leave us," said Miss Waldron, pointedly. "I wish to question her alone."

The matron went out. When the door had closed Miss Waldron dropped to one knee and oblivious of the fact that contact with the grimy little figure would soil her own perishable frock, drew Sarah to her. "Now, dear," she crooned, "tell me all about it."

The unaccustomed tenderness, the gentleness of the tones, the softness of the arms about her were too much for the child. She burst into tears, and for some minutes shook as though her heart would break. Then little by little the whole story came out.

As the woman listened, tears gleamed in her own eyes. "Poor baby! Poor little girl!" she said over and over, as though to herself.

Sarah's story had awakened a responsive chord in her heart. She remembered her own childhood, which, despite her late father's wealth, had been drab and colorless. She recalled her own love of beauty and beautiful things, and how once she, too, had wished to paint pictures, an ambition which had been successfully broken at the time by a parent who believed that art was sinful and painters were immoral.

She rose to her feet and went to the door. Miss Morgan was standing outside. "Did you call me?" she asked.

Miss Waldron eyed her. "Bring me the picture you took from Sarah," she said.

It was produced.

Miss Waldron studied it. "And this is the thing you took from a little child. This picture that she bought with weeks and weeks of labors. This—"

"I was going to give it back to her."

Miss Waldron was not listening. She turned and handed the painting to Sarah, who received it timidly.

"It's all right, dear. You may have it," said Miss Waldron reassuringly.

Miss Morgan sniffed again. "This is not discipline—" she began.

"Discipline! You have queer ideas of discipline and the handling of children, as I shall report at the next meeting of the board! Any woman—But I'm not going to say anything more now. Please call me a taxi."

When they were alone Miss Waldron took Sarah in her arms again and seated her on her knee, a sudden decision made.

"How would you like to come and live with me for ever, and be my little girl?" she asked, and kissed the tear-stained cheek.

And that was how Heaven came to Sarah!



BARNs, HEATING PLANT, NEW LAUNDRY, CABBAGE FIELD AT OVERLOOK FARM

Overlook Farm

ALICE G. HARVEY

THEY come from all parts of the country, from the streets, from deserted homes and from juvenile courts; these "boys nobody wants," of thirty-three nationalities, of every color and creed. At Father Flanagan's Boys' Home, eleven miles west of Omaha, Nebraska, on a beautiful 160-acre farm, these homeless boys are taken in, fed, clothed, and educated. By the merciful kindness of the American public Father Flanagan has been able to care for nearly twenty-five hundred homeless boys in the thirteen years he has been conducting his home.

Father Edward J. Flanagan has devoted his life to the great service of humanity, but since he has given his time exclusively to the work with homeless boys he is convinced that he can save a greater number to be of benefit to society.

Though still a young man he has already done a remarkable piece of work, worthy of the attention and cooperation of every American.

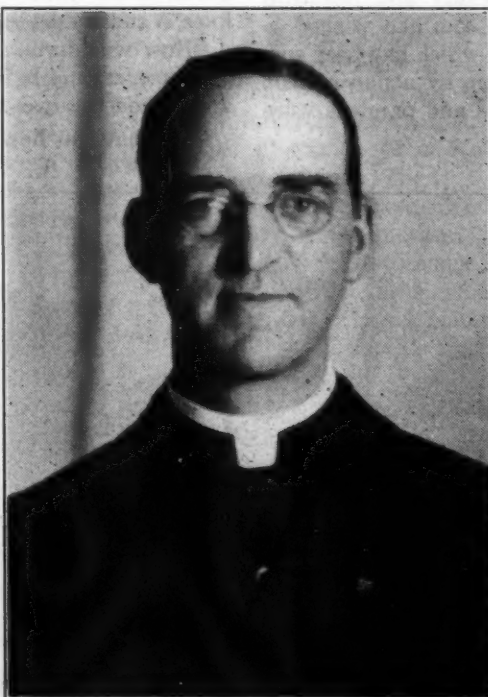
Father Flanagan was born in Ireland and lived there until he was eighteen years of age. After coming to America he attended Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Maryland, graduating in 1906 with the A. B. Degree. Later he took theology at Dunwoody Seminary, New York. He had always been interested in welfare work and while in New York City he visited all sorts of homes for children, aged, and unfortunates of all kinds, making a special study of their problems.

On account of his health he came West. From 1909 to 1912 he studied at Innsbruck, Austria. After he was ordained he came West again and became assistant priest for a few months at O'Neill, Nebraska, and then at St. Patrick's church in Omaha.

It was in the summer of 1913, when great numbers of unemployed swarmed into the city, that he became keenly interested in their problems. He visited the missions and other social welfare places, and, owing to the inadequate provisions for such unfortunates that winter, he opened "The Workingmen's Hotel" at 11th and Mason Streets. Here he gave these men a clean bed and something to eat. He had no money but with the help of kind friends and those he was able to interest in the work, he was able to care for 300 men a night.

Later he moved to 13th and Capital Avenue, which gave him larger quarters where he could accommodate five hundred men a night. Along with food and shelter he maintained a free labor agency and medical aid. In one year he furnished beds to 27,000 "bums," only 3,000 of whom were able to pay the price of 10 cents for a night's lodging. As these men passed through, and as he came in contact with them more and more, he studied them, and of the 2,000 cases he actually tabulated he found that more than 90% came from the ranks of homeless boys and broken homes.

He says, "I thought what a pity that they could not have been



FATHER EDWARD J. FLANAGAN

trained so this would have been avoided.

After working for four years with the men who were down-and-out, many of whom had a prison record or were actual criminals, he became dissatisfied. All this time he had been studying the boys he met on the streets and in juvenile court.

He says, "I realized that I was in the wrong end of the work. I saw that there was little help for the older men—their habits were formed and they had become hardened and embittered by life. I saw that the great need was a proper place for boys. They were the ones who needed attention and the ones who could be helped."

So on December 8, 1917, he rented a house at 25th and Dodge Streets, Omaha, and borrowed \$90 to pay the rent. His idea at first was to have a boys' refuge where they could stay for a short time until they could be placed in homes. The first day he started with five boys—three from the juvenile court and two picked up from the streets. Six months later he had to move to larger quarters. As this was during the war, he easily obtained the use of the German Home at 13th and J Streets. Most of the time he had 150 boys and the place was overcrowded.

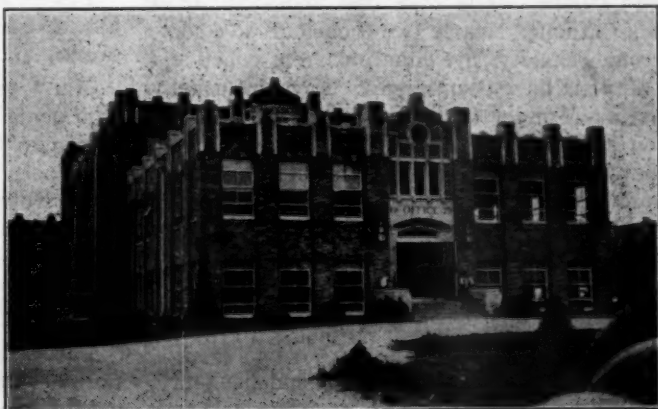
He had become more and more convinced that he was in the right kind of work. But long ago he had given up the idea that this was a relief station only, for he could not begin to place the boys in homes as rapidly as he wished and there were many who could not be placed in homes at all. So his idea for a boys' home grew. After four years he started out to find a place where they could have a home of their own. All this time the boys had helped to earn money to keep the home going and to put some in a surplus fund. Also, by this time many people had become interested and had contributed money, furniture, and many other necessary things.

Finally, Father Flanagan came upon Overlook Farm. It was 160 acres of lovely, fertile land. But no money was at hand for such a beautiful farm. However, with the aid of friends, some money

was obtained and credit advanced. Father Flanagan has marvelled at the splendid support which had been given and is being given to this work. But a visit to Overlook Farm is all that is needed to unloose the heartstrings and purse strings of the most pessimistic individual. When one witnesses the undying enthusiasm of Father Flanagan, who is giving his every energy to the work, and when one looks into the happy eyes of the boys who are busily engaged in some piece of work or some sport, there is no doubt of the success of the Home.

Thirty days after the farm was purchased, rough wooden buildings were erected and boys were living there. This was in 1921. The next thing was to look forward to permanent quarters. So in the autumn a big campaign was put on by entertaining various Omaha organizations at Overlook and at one meeting all the representatives of the three big Omaha papers were fed. In this way the people of the city and surrounding territory were informed of the great work being attempted and money was pledged to erect the first brick building which was completed in November 1922.

The boys helped too. For several years they had an entertainment troupe which toured the country each summer, putting on shows and concerts to raise money. One of the outstanding features of the Home has been the Father Flanagan's Boys' Band. One year this band played twice for President Coolidge. It has also played for John Philip Sousa and for



OFFICE, GYMNASIUM, AUDITORIUM

many important civic parades and gatherings.

In 1929 the mortgage on the farm became due and more permanent buildings were needed, so another big campaign was put on and two more splendid buildings erected. One contains the offices, a large gymnasium, swimming pool, and auditorium. The other is a trades building. Back of these buildings is a fine athletic field and track, for Father Flanagan believes that every boy should take part in some sport every day so that he may develop a sound body.

It is now a large institution with three large main buildings already mentioned besides a laundry, heating plant, Sisters' home, Father Flanagan's residence, large barns, chicken houses, and many smaller buildings where pigs, ducks, geese, and pigeons are housed.

Now after thirteen years the Home has cared for nearly twenty-five hundred boys of all races, colors and creeds with two-hundred boys living at the Home all the time. As boys are placed in homes or leave upon graduation, others take their places. Sometimes sixteen or twenty new boys are admitted each month. Of those who have left the Home, 98% of them are taking their places in society to-day as useful and honest men, respected for their manliness and uprightness. What might have been their story if they had not had the opportunity to enter Father Flanagan's Home?

The boys have come from thirty-three different states and are of thirty-three different nationalities; nearly fifteen hundred have been non-Catholic, while over one thousand have been Catholic. Nearly two thousand have come through charity, five hundred from court and twenty-six have been tagged. Boys are usually not taken under ten years of age or over fifteen, and they may stay until they are eighteen. They are given an education through the eighth grade and then they may choose the trade in which they wish to specialize and they study that. Facilities are provided for a boy to learn printing, carpenter work, farming, shoe repairing, engineering, mechanics, commercial work, or music.

"Skill in a trade makes a boy independent," says Father Flanagan. "It gives him self-confidence and earning power, and this makes him

a contented and useful man. I am convinced that this trade work is the most important asset in bringing about the great success of so many of our boys in later life."

All of the trades are under the supervision of experts in their lines.

"Father Flanagan's Boys' Home Journal" is a magazine published each month by the boys. It began as a two-page leaflet with 150 copies in the first issue. To-day it has a circulation of over 35,000 and is a 24-page magazine. The subscription price is \$3 for one year or \$5 for two. The boys learn typesetting, how to operate the presses, linotype machines, and all the other operations of a modern print shop.

The farm work is in charge of an overseer and with the aid of the boys various crops are raised which provide a great deal of the food for the boys besides feed for the live stock. The latest farm machinery is used and the best agricultural bulletins provided and the boys study and work in the most scientific manner. At present there are seventeen Holstein cows on the farm, seven-hundred chickens, a large number of pigs, forty-two rabbits, sixty-two white pigeons, and several dozen ducks and geese. The boys have entered some of the calves in the State Fair.

The large modern laundry is in charge of an expert laundry man from Omaha who gives training in every branch of laundry work.

Each boy is required to do some special task each day and the work is changed from time to time so that he has a variety of experience.

But all is not work at the Home, for, besides almost every form of athletics, clean, entertaining shows and programs are provided.

Many prominent persons and entertainers who come to Omaha, make a visit to Father Flanagan's Home. Among some of those who have been there in the last few years are—Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, Tom Mix, Will Rogers, Jack Dempsey and James J. Corbett and Mitzie.

Various Chambers of Commerce entertain the boys at picnics and parks.

Father Flanagan believes that most boys are normal and when placed in a pleasant, natural environment, they will develop into good, honest, trustworthy citizens. The boys who come

to the Home are not treated as bad boys, they are not bound by hard unnatural rules or penalties, but are treated as normal human beings; they are taught a trade, taught the principles of right and wrong, educated and given proper recreation and exercise.

It is a privilege that they are accepted by the Home and they consider it as such, and they each have their duties to perform for the Home not by compulsion but for the sheer joy of doing it.

A talk with some of the boys soon convinces one of the great loyalty they have for the Home, for Father Flanagan and for the other boys there. As one boy expressed it, "This is our Home, and Father is a wonderful pal. We all love him and try to do what he wants us to do, for it is always sure to be right. If we can only be as fine men as he expects us to be we will be happy."

Father Flanagan is doing a wonderful work

at his Home but his dream is not yet realized. He hopes to make room for many more boys and to be able to take in every boy who is brought to him or who needs his help.

It has been a slow, hard fight to bring the Home so far along the way through many discouragements but Father Flanagan's boundless enthusiasm and faith have done and will do a great deal for the homeless, wayward, and abandoned boys.

Father Flanagan has this to say to the American public: "It is not only for the boys at my Home that I am carrying on this fight, but for all boys, everywhere, who are without home or friends.

"I know that the people of this great country of ours, will never permit a little child to go without food and lodging if the case is brought to their attention. I know that no heart of stone could resist the pitiful pleadings of the poor unfortunate boys."

Mother Columba Cox --- Visitation Nun

SR. M. FRIDESWIDE, O. S. B.

THE long and abandoned career of religious life led by Mother Marie Columba Cox recalls to mind the example of the valiant woman of the Gospel. "She saw the ways of her household and she negotiated with countries afar off" and yet suffered no detriment to her religious vocation as an enclosed nun.

Her desires were always fixed on Heaven and she burned with that sacred fire that the Lord came upon earth to kindle. It was her ardent love that so well fitted her for a life of contemplation and activity. Whilst her heart opened to the beauties of the spiritual life and tasted in advance the secret joys of the blessed, her exterior energies found vent in propagating the reign of Jesus Christ upon earth by helping in the work of the conversion of heathens. Her sympathies were naturally drawn to those who were born in the darkness and shadow of death, as her own early childhood was spent among heretical and bigoted surroundings.

Her parents were Samuel Cox and Ann

McClellan. The McClellan was an old Highland family who had suffered much in the cause of the Stuarts and bore the penalty of having their house searched and despoiled by the Protestant party. The Cox family was an old county family of Herefordshire who had given many martyrs to the Church and under the Penal Laws suffered imprisonment for their Faith and paid heavy fines for not attending service at the Established Church.

The family was residing in the pretty village of Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, Wales, when Mother Marie Columba was born on the 21st of December, 1804, at midnight. She received the name in baptism of Clementina Marie.

In the following spring the family settled in Durham, in old Elvert Street, where subsequently the Catholic church was built. It was here that Clementina developed those precious qualities which were to characterise her in after life—a remarkable understanding for the service of God, and an energetic practice of

virtue and self-sacrifice. Her religious education during the first years of her life was superintended by her mother who daily explained to her children the articles of the Creed.

The reality of eternal punishment so affected Clementina that one day during the instruction she threw her arms round her mother's neck exclaiming, "Oh, Mother, never let me go to that horrible place." Just at that moment a servant came into the room and the little girl turning to him said with her eyes full of tears, "Oh, Thomas, did you know that there was a hell!" "Well! I should think so, Miss!" said the man in astonishment. From that day Clementina took a firm resolution never wilfully to offend God. Her demeanor became more serious, and the recollection of God's presence matured her judgment beyond that of most children of her age.

Owing to the penal laws* at that time being full in force, it was impossible to give Clementina the advantage of a convent education in

* NOTE:—Laws were framed to prevent Catholics from acquiring political power in the state and to cripple their local influence by pecuniary fine and to put an end to the practice of Catholic religion by proscribing the Mass and the priesthood, and forcing attendance at the Established Church under heavy penalties. No conscientious Catholic could be a member of Parliament, a student at a university, a schoolmaster, or a barrister: his education abroad was restricted and he was forbidden, without a license from the magistrate, to travel more than five miles from his residence. In 1606, when the Gunpowder Plot had provoked fresh anger against him, he was not allowed to live in London, his access to the Court was restrained, he was deprived of his arms, and both the medical and legal professions were closed to him. Any Catholic who failed to attend his Parish Church was liable to no less a fine than 20s a month or the forfeiture of two thirds of his annual rental, according to the extent of his estates. If he happened to be detected in hearing Mass in secret, he was exposed to a further fine of a hundred marks, and the priest, who had said it, to two hundred. Baptism, marriage, and burial by Catholic rites were denied him, and from the cradle to the grave the life of the English Catholic was a tale of constant persecution. That Catholicism thus survived in England, in the face of hostile government and penal law, was owing to the zeal of the Catholics themselves, to the heroism and the numbers of the Catholic priests, to the influence of Catholic landowners, and, finally to the evasion and irregular working of the penal laws.

England, and Catholics were also prohibited from sending their children abroad for education. Catholics were not allowed to practice their religion under the penalty of imprisonment and they were heavily fined for abstaining from the services of the Established Church. In Durham at that time Mass was said once a week by Bishop Gibson, the Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, or his Coadjutor, in a small room which served for a chapel. No bells were allowed to be rung, but a half-drawn curtain was the sign to summon the faithful to worship. Books of instruction and devotion were very scarce, and one copy of the catechism was all that most families could obtain. In the Cox family one was handed down from child to child until by some unlooked-for opportunity another was purchased. A travelling pedler, under great secrecy, told Mr. Cox that one was hidden in his house, and Clementina with her father went at the dusk of evening to secure this precious treasure at a fabulous price.

The virtuous lives of Clementina's parents shone in the practice of heroic deeds of charity towards the poor and those in distress. The sick and the dying were special objects of their piety for whom they obtained all the consolations of religion by bringing a priest to their bedside often at their own peril. It was by this self-sacrificing spirit of charity that they pointed out the true path of virtue to their children and instilled into their young minds the love of Jesus Christ in his suffering poor. Clementina grew up under these truly Christian principles and learnt from an early age to despise the pleasures of the world and aspire to those of heaven.

Whilst still a little child she found her delight in prayer. She would retire to a small attic at the top of the house and give herself up to contemplating the beauties of God in the surrounding landscape, talking to Him and praising His works in her own childish language. She little knew that she was practicing the prayer of simplicity so highly recommended by the old English ascetics. This attic was her favorite haunt and whenever she was missing from the family circle she was sure to be found there in raptures over the glorious scenery of the Vale of Abergavenny. This spirit of prayer

nourished the apostolic zeal which fired her soul and showed itself in various ways; and gave her means for helping poor deluded souls. One of her favorite ones was to write scriptural sentences in her baby hand and throw them broadcast in the winds for any passer-by to pick up.

Devotion to the souls in purgatory was also one of Clementina's greatest attractions and in a child so young seemed somewhat strange. Whenever she got the opportunity she would run off to the cemetery, which was near the house, and pray with all her heart whilst kneeling on the damp graves. But her parents had to forbid this practice as being injurious to her health. To distract her from these devotions they took her to the seaside with her brother Robert, who was two years older than herself. But even here nothing seemed to break her custom of prayer and the two children would walk for hours on the shore contemplating the beauty of the waves and talking of the greatness of God in His works. On one occasion they were so wrapped in the thought of God that they did not notice the incoming tide until their feet were bathed in water. Robert was the first to perceive their danger and called to his sister to return. "Whatever happens," she said, "we must go on with our meditation on God, and not move until the tide rises too high." As Clementina's word was law, Robert remained as long as he could and at last persuaded his sister to move on. They were only just in time from being surrounded by the sea when all escape would have been impossible.

On another occasion, for the sake of greater seclusion, they determined to seek the solitude of a cave over the river Weir. The bank was precipitous and the path dangerous and in climbing up Robert lost his shoe. This led to their discovery and the scheme was put an end to by their solicitous parents who feared that they might come to an untimely end by these escapades. Frustrated in this attempt to lead a hermit's life, they sought consolation in reading the lives of the saints, especially those of the martyrs and they strove to imitate their deeds, sometimes by putting pebbles in their shoes and prickly things down their backs and in various childish ways. But these things were found out and they were derided by their

playfellows and nicknamed "the little apes and papists," and "the little image worshippers."

But God had not destined either Robert or Clementina for a martyrdom of blood but for a martyrdom of love. For this He prepared Clementina by great graces and inspirations. As her love for prayer increased so did her love for abnegation and penance and she devised many ways and means for mortifying herself. She never let an opportunity pass which would offer the chance of practicing this virtue and she loved anything that caused her pain or inconvenience. The comforts of home gave her little scope for indulging her desire of mortification; however, she always found some way out of the difficulty. It chanced once that her mother was very ill and blisters were ordered by the doctor. Clementina saw the blisters applied and also its effect and asked her mother if it hurt. She answered her inquiries by saying that it hurt very much. Here was

(Continued on page 168)

Sentinel of Love

ISABELLE E. KEELER

Oh! Beacon Light, o'er altar throne,
Oh! Sentinel of Love—
As brilliant as the star that shone
The Manger-Crib, above;

Guide my tired steps to Calvary,
Rekindle Faith, sore-tried.
Sin's darkness will encompass me
If Heav'nly Light, denied.

Dear Lord, Thy feet, this earth have trod;
And Satan's wiles dispelled.
Oh! hidden God of Very God,
Thy Sacrifice excelled.

See me, before the Mystic Veil
Which shields Thee from my gaze.
I come, a Pilgrim, to The Grail—
Repentant, all my days.

So, little, twinkling light that brings
All Nations to adore
The Sacramental King of Kings
His mercy to implore—

Shine down upon my lowly head
(Once, proudly held in scorn)
Bid me to feast on Living Bread,
My Faith restored, new-born.



Evangeline Statue.
St. Martinville, La.
Unveiled April, 19th 1931.

Evangeline Honored

MRS. NELSON C. WOODWARD

APRIL 19, 1931, was a memorable day for the little village of St. Martinville, on the west bank of the Mississippi River, in the picturesque bayou country of Louisiana, when a great concourse of people gathered in the quaint old cemetery that surrounds St. Martin's Church to witness the unveiling of a memorial over a grave which had remained unmarked for over a century and a half—the last resting-place of Evangeline, the heroine of Henry W. Longfellow's famous poem.

To the strains of the "Marseilles," and the national anthem of Canada, the covering of the marker was slowly removed, and there stood revealed at the head of this long-neglected grave a beautiful bronze statue, the seated figure of a woman, dressed in the style of the

long-ago, bareheaded, with hands clasped on her lap, wooden shoes upon her feet, and in her eyes that searching, eager look, which tradition says was always characteristic of the exile maid from Acadia.

St. Martinsville is only a tiny village, but it would be difficult to find a more interesting spot than this little French town, which has given allegiance to four different governments, and where to-day dwell the descendants of those Norman-capped, kirtled Acadians, who, with the immortalized Evangeline, were exiled from their own land, and after tedious wanderings found their way to this "Eden of Louisiana," which their children and children's children have since called home.

For one hundred and fifty years prior to 1755 there lived in the village of Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, a colony of simple-minded, rural people called Acadians, whose ancestors had come from France to seek a home in the New World. They were peaceful, happy, and prosperous, asking nothing more from the wealth of the universe than to be left undisturbed in their simple homes, with their humble toil, and to gather at the village church for worship on the Sabbath.

Always they kept up the customs of the land of their forefathers. They dressed as did the people of the old country and they spoke the French language. For a century and a half this ideal community life continued, but there came a day when the country passed out of the hands of France and became a possession of England, and trouble began for the several thousand Acadians who inhabited this quiet, peaceful valley.

When asked to take the English oath of allegiance, the simple peasants replied: "We are French. Our fathers came from France. We cannot prove disloyal to the country whose language we speak." This was just at the outbreak of the French and Indian War, but the Acadians wanted no part in it. "Let us be neutral," they begged. "Leave us alone to cultivate our lands in peace. We have surrendered our arms. We do not want to enter a war."

But this did not satisfy the English authorities, and the decree went forth that the Acadians must leave their happy valley, give up

the peaceful homes that had provided shelter for generation after generation and become exiles in strange lands. This heartless act of cruelty was carried out to the letter, for in a few weeks the once prosperous village of Grand Pré was the scene of desolation, for its people had been driven on board a British fleet—women and children on different ships from their protectors—and were scattered here and there wherever it suited their conquerors to leave them. To prevent their return, their cottages were burned.

Among the English colonies, all the way from New England to the Southland the exiles were scattered. Some found their way back to Canada, others settled along the different parts of the Atlantic Coast, and a number eventually landed at St. Martinville in Louisiana, where their descendants have since made their home.

Longfellow's "Evangeline" pathetically describes the misfortunes of these exiles, and is based upon the true story of Emeline Labiche and Louis Arceneaux, the originals of Evangeline and Gabriel. Emeline was a lovely girl of sixteen, the pride of the village of Grand Pré, and the banns for her marriage to Louis, a worthy, well-to-do young farmer, had just been published in the village church when the pitiful exodus took place. Louis was forced upon one vessel, Emeline on another, and thus were separated the two who had planned a happy life together.

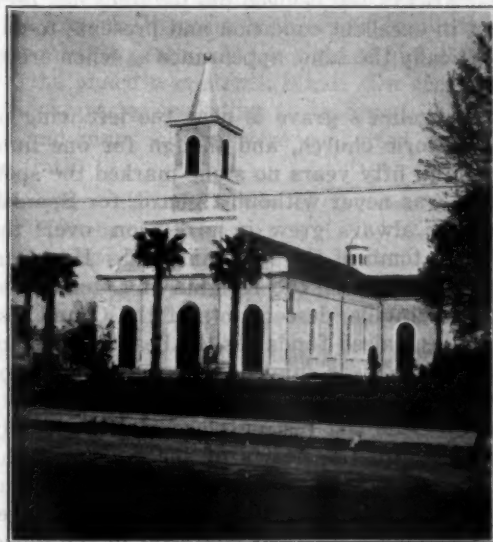
Emeline with her foster mother were put ashore on the Maryland coast and were given refuge in the home of some wealthy planters where they remained for three years, the young girl always hoping and praying that somehow, somehow, Louis would find her and all would yet be well. But month after month passed by, and no news came of her exiled lover, so at last Emeline and her mother, in company with other exiles from Acadia, set out on the long journey, which was to cover a period of several years before they finally reached the little French town in Louisiana to which Louis had come with the first band of pilgrims.

The story has been handed down from generation to generation of the arrival of the crude boat and of how the villagers all congregated on the shore of the bayou to welcome the wanderers. Emeline gazed into every face with

that searching look she had carried for a decade, and then, to her great joy, she saw Louis reclining under the shade of a near-by tree. But her cry of joy met no response, for Louis, giving up all hope of every finding the girl he once loved, had met and married some one else. His constancy had not equaled hers!

So the ending in the true story, according to St. Martinville tradition, was even more pathetic than that pictured by Longfellow in this famous poem. Emeline, or "Evangeline," as they came to call her, lived the remainder of her life in the little Louisiana village, always sad but sweet and kind to every one, and dearly beloved by the entire population. Many years after her death and burial in St. Martin's churchyard, a young man of the village, who had heard from his grandmother's lips time after time the story of Evangeline's quest for her lost lover, went north to attend Harvard University at the time when Henry W. Longfellow was a professor in the institution.

This young student from the Bayou country was a member of one of Longfellow's classes, and it was he who first told the story of Evangeline to the teacher-poet, and gave him vivid descriptions of the Louisiana land. Nathaniel Hawthorne also heard the story from a different source, and not wishing to use it himself, related the incident to Longfellow, who later



CHURCH—ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

incorporated the whole into one of the most beautiful and popular poems ever written by an American.

Many changes have come to the little French village, founded by the exiled Acadians, since the days of Evangeline, for splendid roads radiate in all directions, supplanting the treacherous wagon trails of a century and a half ago. Telephones and radios connect the once isolated hamlet with the rest of the world, and automobiles and railroads bring thousands of people each year to this interesting little town, with its moss-draped oak and magnolia trees, and the atmosphere of romance and history which never fails to charm the stranger.

Several interesting old landmarks of the early days of St. Martinville are yet standing and prove of unending interest to the visitor. Among these is the old courthouse, with giant live oaks, covered with graceful festoons of Spanish moss, at each of its four corners, and containing valuable ancient records. Standing on the shore of Bayou Teche is the famous old tree, now called "Evangeline's Oak," where the exiles landed, and where Evangeline found her faithless lover.

On the principal street of the ancient village is the graceful old church, established by Rev. Jean François, a Capuchin priest and missionary, in the same year that the town was founded. Always the beloved old building has been kept in excellent condition and presents to-day practically the same appearance as when erected.

Evangeline's grave is near the left wing of the historic church, and though for one hundred and fifty years no stone marked the spot, yet it was never without a guard, for Spanish daggers always grew in profusion over the historic tomb of the Acadian maid. However, a day came when the Knights of Columbus at St. Martinville, descendants of the Grand Pré refugees, raised funds for the beautiful memorial which was unveiled to the memory of Evangeline on April 19, 1931, thus suitably marking the last resting place of one not only held dear in the hearts of the people of the Louisiana village, but wherever the famous poem has been read and loved. For Evangeline was not a fictitious character of the imagination, conjured in the mind to make a

heroine of a colorful poem; she really lived and endured the sad experiences described by the poet.

St. Mary Major

P. S., O. S. B.

THE basilica of St. Mary Major, so called because it is the foremost in size and importance among the churches in Rome dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, was built during the pontificate of Pope Liberius, about the year 360. For this reason it is also called the Libe-rian Basilica.

A beautiful legend tells how it came to be erected. A noble Roman patrician and his wife, having no children, wished to make the Blessed Virgin heiress of all their property. They therefore sought from her through prayer for information as to how they should dispose of their money. During the night they were bidden to build a church upon that part of Rome which they should find covered with snow. On the following morning a part of the Esquiline hill was covered with snow, although there was snow nowhere else. Whereas snow scarcely falls in Rome on the coldest day in winter, this took place during the hottest month—August. A feast commemorates this event every year on Aug. 5, the feast of Our Lady of Snows, and in one of the chapels in the basilica during the High Mass showers of white rose blossoms are thrown down. This legend is the subject of two of the most beautiful pictures of Murillo.

About the year 435 the church was rebuilt by Pope Sixtus III on the occasion of the Council of Ephesus, which had just condemned the heresy of Nestorius who denied that Mary was the true Mother of God.

The campanile, which was erected by Pope Gregory XI in 1378, is the highest tower in Rome. In the magnificent nave of the Basilica are forty-four columns of white Hymettian marble which were brought from Athens. On the ceiling is some of the first gold brought from America and given to Pope Alexander VI by Ferdinand and Isabella.

In front of, and beneath, the beautiful high altar Pope Pius IX prepared a monument for

himself by consecrating a splendid chamber panelled with precious alabaster and Fiore di Persico; but as his death approached, he changed his mind, wishing to be buried with the poor at St. Lorenzo. A fine statue of him has been placed here directly in front of the altar. As described by Marion Crawford "His private virtues made him a model to the Christian world, while his political weakness made him the sport of his enemies. The only stable thing about him was his goodness, everything else was in perpetual vacillation. He hesitated through a pontificate of thirty-two years, he out-reigned the years of Peter, and he lost the temporal power."

In this Basilica is the Borghese chapel, said to be the richest and most beautiful in Rome. The verde-antico columns and alabasters at the entrance were taken from the Temple of Minerva in the Forum Transitorium. Over the magnificent altar of jasper and lapis lazuli is one of the pictures of the Blessed Virgin attributed to St. Luke. St. Gregory the Great had a great devotion for this picture as attested by the following fact. In order to obtain relief from a plague which ravaged Rome in 590 he ordered a general procession of penance. The people were divided into seven classes; clerics, monks, nuns, laymen, widows, married women, and children, and each division, starting from a different church wended their way through the plague-stricken area, reciting penitential prayers, and carrying relics of the saints and the picture attributed to St. Luke. Tradition states that as they passed the church of Ara Coeli St. Gregory heard angels singing the Paschal hymn—*Regina coeli, lactare, Alleluia*. (Queen of Heaven, rejoice) and that the Saint added *Ora pro nobis Deum*, (Pray for us to God) *alleluia*.

Many are the saints who have prayed before this picture—among them being Sts. Philip Neri, Francis, Stanislaus Kostka, and John Berchmans. This picture is also venerated as being the means through which was brought about the defeat of the Moors in Spain under Pope Innocent VIII.

The scheme of decoration in this chapel is remarkable. Most prominent is the picture of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception surrounded by angels, with the crescent under her

feet. Beneath are the words—*Signum apparuit in coelo, mulier amicta sole et luna sub pedibus eius, et in capite eius corona stellarum duodecim*, (A sign appeared in heaven: a woman clad with the sun and the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars), and beneath these are the words of the dedication—*Mariae Christi Matri semper Virgini*—Paulus V. P. M.

Below the cornice are eighteen large frescoes and six marble statues above life-size, representing the different prophets, apostles, confessors, bishops, and others who were specially connected with the Blessed Virgin.

The principal relic preserved in St. Mary Major's is the Santa Culla, or the cradle of Our Divine Savior. The authenticity of this relic is denied by some writers although we have the example of many saints and popes who venerated it as genuine. It consists of two rough boards which are inclosed in a silver reliquary six feet high, which is adorned with bas-reliefs and statuettes. On Christmas Eve it is carried around the church in solemn procession.

Not a few tragedies are also connected with the history of this beautiful basilica. About the year 650, as the holy Pope St. Martin was celebrating Holy Mass in this church, a soldier appeared at the threshold. He had been sent by the Exarch Olympius with orders to put the holy pontiff to death. At the sight of him, however, the guard was struck blind. On account of this miracle, according to tradition, Olympius and many others were converted to the true faith.

This was also the scene of the seizure of Pope Hildebrand (Gregory VII) by Cencius. This fact is related by Stephen in his *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History* as follows:

"On Christmas Eve, 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a terrible tempest. Darkness brooded over the land and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the church of S. Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the Virgo Deipara. The other was

preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. At each pause of the tempest might be heard the hallelujas of the worshippers, or the voice of the pontiff, pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him, when Cencius grasped his person, and some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or death. Women were there, with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely pushed aside: and a drawn sword was already aimed at the pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude, threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the aim of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at his prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life. . . . In profound silence and with undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven alone indicated his consciousness of them. But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness. He rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and peace, and returned, amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of S. Maria Maggiore."

Mother Columba Cox --- Visitation Nun

(Continued from page 163)

her opportunity. Unknown to anyone Clementina cut off two strips off a plaster and placed them in the form of a cross on her breast and kept them on all night suffering dreadfully the mean while. The next morning she had a great wound and her little secret was discovered. But the child had suffered bravely for Our Lord so that the scolding she received was not severe but she was forbidden ever to do such a thing again. Closely as her parents watched her, she always contrived to find a new means of pun-

ishing herself in order to imitate the sufferings of Our Blessed Lord. At last she was positively forbidden to do anything without leave, so her ardor was curbed for a time. However, to make up for exterior mortification, she redoubled her interior efforts to overcome her self-will and inclinations. Being of a fiery and passionate character, many opportunities daily occurred and these mortifications her parents greatly approved of. Among other things she strove to master her natural impetuosity and activity by applying herself to needle work, which though very distasteful to Clementina was considered at that time the fashionable accomplishment for girls. Her parents, noticing her sudden industry and recollection, were amazed and asked each other, as did the parents of St. John, "What do you think this child will be?" For God seemed to have elected and pre-elected her and to be preparing her for some wonderful grace.

When only nine years old she begged her parents to enter the Carmelite Convent at Haggenstone Castle near Durham, which community ultimately removed to Scorton. So vehement was her desire that on the refusal of her parents she fell ill with a long and serious malady. God was calling her to a great state of perfection and this illness was to purify her soul and prepared her for greater graces. To help her to attain to this perfection to which God called her He inspired a young friend to come to visit her. This was Nicholas Wiseman, the future Cardinal, who was then a student at Ushaw and one of her father's most intimate friends. He understood the child's high ideals and sat by her bed for many hours encouraging her. His Mother was a bosom friend of Mrs. Cox, which friendship lasted till death. It was strange to see the young student and the child discussing high theological questions and stimulating each other in their efforts to love God better. The mothers used to creep in unobserved and listen with much edification to the conversation and then make their own comments upon the sanctity of their children. Long years after, when the Cardinal was on his deathbed, he loved to tell of these conversations with his saintly little friend, then a Visitation Nun at Le Mans.

(To be continued)

"Sweet Lavender"

E. SETON

"**L**AVENDER, sweet lavender," the familiar cry was echoing down the long, hot, grey street. Mary Collins' tired and patient but still bright grey eyes filled with unaccustomed tears as she listened to the quaint and plaintive old melody to which the man, whose voice was really remarkably good, was singing his ancient chant. He passed along, on the other side, into her purview now, and Mary gazed wistfully and longingly upon the grey-blue stack of fragrant bloom that he carried. Through her open window the little summer breeze stole lightly and tenderly, and on its wings it bore a long, delicious breath of the lavender perfume.

Sheer feeling, wakened by the vivid memories the scent evoked, caused Mary to close her eyes: such emotion was too powerful for the year-long invalid with the weak heart who sat there, day after day, at her dull window so uncomplainingly. Such scenes rose before her from the long ago—the sweet country garden, odorous with its pink and white and red roses, its herbs and mint, its spicy carnations, its many-colored nasturtiums and purple pansies, and the misty-blue spikes of lavender growing near the bed of snow-white lilies of which her mother had been so fond. The walks through field and woodland, the purling brooks and the games with the boy and girl companions of those long-dead days, the dear bright stone-flagged kitchen, always clean, cool, and refreshing to look at, with its jug of flowers never absent from the window, her mother's peaceful kindly figure, sometimes in lilac, sometimes in pink, sometimes in blue-print gowns; and then the later days of courtship and happy wooing—one after another, like mountain behind mountain in a beautiful landscape, or like flower after flower, all arose before her mind's eye. And gradually Mary's tears ceased, and she fell gently asleep.

As she slept, she dreamed. She thought that she was once more traversing those beloved field paths, skirting the great green woods in which she had played as a child. Yes, there

was the old well from which she had so often gone to draw water for her mother; and Mary approached the deep, built-over well, and, leaning on the side, looked down into those waters in whose depths she felt that part of her own heart lay buried. The waters seemed to be singing, a soft, crystalline, beautiful sound. Mary listened entranced, and the music sounded more and more strangely like the call of human voices, gentle and soft yet growing in volume, awaking she knew not what deep memories within her. It was as if again she could hear the voices of childhood's days, the different tones of her young companions' voices, the voice of her mother, of the silver-haired priest who had taught them and who had given them their First Communions, of her father, of old teachers she had had. And then it faded gently away. Mary lowered the bucket into the well, after a space, and drank from her hand of that dear crystal tide, moistening her face also with it as she had done long ago in the heats of summer. And as she looked in for the last time, she saw, so she thought, the reflection of many a dear, long-lost face smiling wanly up at her from the darkly shadowed surface. She looked hastily round, there was not a soul near.

A little shaken, Mary left the well and continued her walk down the village street. There was the school, quite near the church, whose threshold they had crossed a thousand times. Mary bent her steps towards the dear and well remembered little church, plain and simple yet precious to them, and fair among its flowers. She walked in at the open door, took holy water from the same grey stone font, and slipped up the aisle.

The red lamp burned faithfully as ever, there was a white veil on the Tabernacle, and there were roses and lilies on the Altar. And again it seemed to her that the incense-laden atmosphere of the holy place was heavy with those thronging presences whom she had felt so strongly at the well. They pressed about her, they were insistently pleading in some voiceless way for a favor that she could do

them—she could not imagine what it was. She looked anxiously at the Tabernacle,—perhaps He, the Friend of friends, the Flower of flowers, would tell her. After a few moments' silence in her soul, the answer seemed indeed to come. It was, "I was in prison and thou didst visit Me; naked, and thou didst clothe Me: harborless, and thou didst harbor Me." Yet Mary was puzzled and did not understand.

Leaving the church, she followed the winding road as it took its way between cornfields until the low-walled gardens of the roomy cottages and little homesteads framed her way. She stood looking at them with delight. There was old Mrs. Martin's tiny house, its windows bright and shining, honeysuckle climbing over and round the door; there was kind little Miss Susan's home, all overgrown with roses; there was the schoolmistress's cottage, and now, ah! now, here was the old, beloved, long-lost home of her childhood. Feeling once again a happy little one, the joy of her youth restored to her by Him Who renews the youth of His elect as the eagle's, Mary ran up the red, stone-flagged pathway between the tall, nodding hollyhocks and sunflowers and the sweet stocks and carnations, round the side of the square, low, comfortable house, to the green kitchen door.

It was open, swinging gently in the little breeze which rustled among the tall trees and caused all the flowers to tremble. And within, walking about at her homely duties as of old, sweet though a little graver than she used to be, there was dear mother in her lilac dress.

With a cry Mary ran up to her, and was folded in that tender embrace. After, as they sat together in the slanting rays of the setting sun, it came upon Mary's heart with a burst of full remembrance that all these dear ones had been long gone and lost from her earthly life. Yet the realization that she spoke now with a spirit did not terrify her.

"O Mother, Mother darling," she said, turning to gather the elder woman's hands into her own—they were chill, she noticed, and the little wind that blew constantly in at the half open door, swaying it backward and forward, was also touched with a strange coldness, it was a breath from out another world,—“and I have lost you for so long. Mother, I never thought of it, but at the well I saw and heard

so many faces and voices—in the dear church I felt so many imploring presences: I never realized somehow, that you are all in a world which I have yet to reach. And how is it with all of you?”

“Did those whom you felt in the church not ask you something, Mary dearie?” asked the mother, just in the old, familiar, tender way, but touched now with a new gentle gravity and a greater dignity than in the old days.

“Yes, Mother, they seemed to want something very much indeed from me,” said Mary, reflectively.

“Come, I will show you,” said her mother, rising. Together they ascended the wooden stairway across which the westering sun was shining with such a wide glory. They entered a large, white-curtained bedroom in which everything was clean, fragrant of the flower garden (above which the casement windows were open), and into which the sun poured magnificently. It was a house of utter silence, purity, and sunlight. Mary stood for a long moment, drinking in the well-remembered scene.

“Look,” then said the mother. And opening the old carved wood cabinet or wardrobe wherein all the household linen had been stored, she lifted, one after the other, a number of white dresses or festal robes. These were richly embroidered with green leaves and with pink roses, not in sprays, but the leaves and the flowers were in separate patterns or small groupings.

“These robes, white and beautiful, are a type or emblem for you, Mary dear,” she said, “of our souls, for God wears His elect as a vesture of glory created by Himself. The roses typify love, that human affection which we bestow upon each other, and the leaves, remembrance and friendship, immortal and undying, for their green color signifies life and its perennial springtide.

“Dearest Mary, thousands of these vesturings of the King, bearing the rose and the green leaf of the love and remembrance of those who are left behind on earth, are left like this, unperfumed. The perfume needed comes either from the long, painful work of purgatory, or it is given by the loving care of those whose embroiderings are on the robes—our

friends. Until that white vesture is fragrant as well as white and clean, it cannot be taken to the palace of the King. We long for lavender, for fragrant rose leaves, for carnation perfumes, for those essences which shall make the robes fit for the King's wear.

"Is my meaning clear, dearest Mary? You on earth, loving and remembering us who are gone, must not let that affection and remembrance remain without effect or fruit, *for your love and friendship can still follow us and comfort us.* Give us the balms of prayer—fold those robes in perfumes for the King. Then through the sweet spices distilled by your love and remembrance, (the carnations and roses of Holy Mass, the lavender of your Indulgences, the rosemary and thyme of your prayers and aspirations,) by the powerful efficacy of those spices of charity, we shall be gladdened with the joys of heaven."

She closed the carved doors as she spoke. Mary realized poignantly, vividly, now, what the answer of the Prisoner of Love had been to her. She was to think more of her dear ones dead, of her old friends, in prayer, to offer a petition or an oblation of the Precious Blood for those companions of the long ago whenever her memory strayed joyously in the meadows of her childhood's affection. She was to think, too, of those other friendless multitudes who had no Catholic friend or relative to pray for them: to lift to God the Treasure Divine, constantly, as their ransom: to befriend them. So doing, she was to befriend Him also.

She looked once again at the still, white room above the blossomy garden, breathing now of evening perfumes, filled with peace, with the westerling sun's broad radiance, with all the happiness of olden times. And a text, "Behold, I make all things new," recurred to her memory as she looked. Yes, He could make the old, forgotten days new and fresh and everlasting, hers once again and to keep.

"O Mother," she sighed, "if I could find that I was in my heavenly home—just this house, and our Blessed Lord unlatching the gate and coming in, among all the flowers, at the kitchen door perhaps..."

"He has prepared a place for you, Mary darling," came the soft, almost whispered reply, "He is making it ready now. It may be

that He has patterned this earthly home of yours upon that true Home; perhaps your heavenly dwelling place is this sweet spot. 'In My Father's House,' He said, 'are many mansions.'"

Frequent use of the sacraments keeps the soul soft and pliable in the hands of God.

Real Living

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Have you done a little to make life less sad?
Have you paused a moment to make someone glad?
Have you eased the anguish of another's tears?
Have you bravely battled with a brother's fears?
Have you wisely given of your strength to share
The heart-breaking burdens that the Christ must bear?
Have you scattered kindness in the path you trod?
Have you shown your fellows that you stand with God?
Have you come with solace for the bitter rue?
Have you gladly labored at what you should do?
For you must bring brightness to man's rugged way,
If you would be saying, "I have lived to-day!"

On Releasing a Lark

A. NIAL

Sweet singer of meadow, of moorland and mountain,
Sad are your songs as the songs of the Shée;
Bitter the draught you have drunk from Grief's fountain,
Bird of the blue sky! my heart bleeds for thee.

You pine for the white clouds, grey mists of the morning,
The grass gemmed with dew in the sun's golden rays,
When you rose o'er the lea as if the earth scorning,
And poured from your glad heart a long pean of praise.

I once shared your heartache, your hope for the morrow,
For I long lay a captive 'neath Sassenach rage.
Sighing for sunlight in sadness and sorrow,
Beating my breast 'gainst the bars of their cage.

Then haste to your home 'mid the hills and the streams,
Let your warbling re-echo o'er valley and lake,
I give you the freedom I visioned in dreams,
For the love of the singers who died for our sake,

Trill your clear notes now, no longer in sadness,
No longer in bondage a captive you'll be;
Fly to the rainbow clouds, Spirit of Gladness,
Soothe my sad soul with the song of the free.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

SINCE all the students in my classes belong to the League of the Sacred Heart, they know what the Morning Offering is. In his explanation Father Donahue gave three principles underlying the offering made in the correct way. Their seeming artificiality and clumsiness he apologized for but emphasized the fact that in the course of time and with the growth of holiness their beauty and value would become more patent.

(1) Our work, however great it may be in the eyes of men, is worthless in the sight of God unless done *in union with Jesus*. To make it truly acceptable to Jesus, however, it should be offered to Him by His and our dear Mother Mary. Therefore, we must acquire the habit of consecrating ourselves to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

(2) Our actions when offered to Jesus in union with the love and service of His and our dear Mother are then very acceptable to Him. They are especially acceptable, however, when offered to Him in union with Her sorrows. It is a most meritorious practice therefore to unite our actions to the sorrows of the Mother of God.

(3) Once our actions have been accepted by Jesus, once they are placed in His Sacred Heart, we can ask Him to offer them to God our Father, to the Triune God, for the intentions of His Mother's Heart.

An offering thus made will read as follows:

"O dearest Mother Mary, to whom I consecrate myself again body and soul, I offer to thee this (action) that in union with your sorrows (or mention the sorrow commemorated this day), you will offer it to the Heart of Jesus thirsting for my love. All to Thee, dear Jesus, thirsting for my love, in union with the sorrows of our dear Mother, in union with Thy bitter Passion, in union with the Masses being offered up throughout the world, all for the intentions of our Mother's Heart, and in Thy Heart to the Father and the Holy Spirit with Thee one God, in adoration, in thanksgiving, in atonement for the wicked wasted years."

This offering in its entirety should be made very often during the day. At times however a shorter formula will do. It should, however, include three acts, (a) an act of consecration to Mary, (b) a spiritual communion, (c) an offering to Jesus in union with Mary. It can be made in a few seconds, for example, "My Queen, my Mother, I give myself entirely to thee. All to Thee, dear Jesus, in union with our Mother's love (or sorrows)."

In St. Andrew's *Missal*, the one supplied at the Pamphlet Rack on the Campus, students find these ideas repeated often. On page 82, for instance, in the Thanksgiving after Mass, the prayers following Psalm 150 include: Prevent, O Lord, we beseech Thee, our actions by Thy inspirations and carry them on by Thy assistance. That every prayer and work of ours may begin always from Thee and through Thee be likewise ended. In the same group we find the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus followed by the prayer: "Grant. . . that we may love Thee with our whole hearts, and in all our words and works, and never cease from praising Thee." In the Epistle for the Feast of the Holy Family (Colossians, 3:17) we hear: "And whatsoever you do in word or in work do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him."

Early in this issue of articles I mentioned the Heroic Act, which may be mentioned again at this time. Through the *Religious Bulletin* and the *Student's Missals*, which take care of the various feasts of the liturgical year, about the first of which in our school year is the Feast of the Seven Dolors, any students who do not naturally turn to Our Lady for help soon consider doing so. I append a typical *Bulletin* and student reactions.

NOTRE DAME'S DEBT TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

"Either I must learn to be selfish or I must leave the world," writes a recent graduate whose disillusionment has come with a rush. "This city is the coldest, the cruellest, the most bloodthirsty taskmaster the human mind can conceive. I can't think of giving up all the ideals Notre

Dame has implanted in me, all the hopes she has raised in my heart; life means more to me than making money, but I have to make money to live. I am in a quandary; I don't know where to turn."

It was a good heart but a confused mind that dictated this letter. When too many things happen at once the mind may easily be confused. Since the heart is good it will seek refuge where it has been taught to seek it: it will turn to the Mother of all Notre Dame men and say: "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help and sought thy intercession was left unaided."

With peace of heart will come peace of mind, and lingering memories will bring inspiring pictures to console and encourage and rouse to new efforts, and this man will keep his ideals and will fight the world as other Notre Dame men have done. Before the mind will come the picture of the Log Chapel, where Father Sorin and six Brothers began to fight the world in the interests of the ideals this young man cherishes to-day; alongside the Log Chapel will appear the old college, the first home of these same ideals.

In fancy the mind will recall the cholera of the fifties, the Civil War of the sixties, and the fire of seventy-nine, crushing blows that would have wiped out a merely human institution—for Father Sorin had not the tangible reserve forces known to modern business enterprise. All he had was faith; and when he worked, after the fire, with his fellow religious at the lowly task of cleaning brick, he would lay aside his trowel now and again and go back to fingering his beads.

And if the boy's heart is not lightened by the remembrance of the heroic fortitude of the founders, it cannot remain sluggish when he surveys their accomplishment. Father Sorin's dream has come true. Out of the wilderness of 1842 has arisen a worthy throne for the golden statue of the Queen of Heaven; and before that throne thousands of young men have bent the knee in reverence to pure manhood and womanhood; and the world, that will have none of these things, wonders at the force behind Notre Dame.

Notre Dame has a debt to the Blessed Virgin, a debt that can never be paid. Interest on that debt is met by her sons when they pay her homage, and when they lead lives she would approve. A heavy payment falls due to-morrow. It is the greatest of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. In

Holy Communion to-morrow we thank her for what she has made her school.

Before I came to Notre Dame I had the habit of carrying my rosary, but never seemed to have the time to recite it. The most I could say in one day was a decade.

When I came here I quickly acquired the habit of daily Mass, and while I was kneeling in my pew one day doing nothing in particular I took out my rosary and began saying it. Before long I had finished the five decades. I now realize that I had time to say my beads, and from then on I went to Mass daily and always found time to get in my entire rosary. If I had not begun the habit of daily Mass, I would not have had the opportunity to say my rosary daily.

Then came the idea of following the Mass in a missal. After great mental struggle I decided to try it merely to fight self-will. But what was I to do about the rosary? The mortification of praying the Mass with the help of the missal when I wanted to say the rosary gained me the grace of getting the rosary said daily before I fall asleep.

I pray that I may have the power to keep up these habits throughout my whole course. My work is steadily improving and I am beginning to feel that I am acquiring the spirit of a real Notre Dame man.

During October and May we encourage students to keep a journal to record what they do daily to justify their existence as Notre Dame men—Knights of Our Lady. The object is, of course, unconscious habit formation.

In trying to justify my existence as a Notre Dame man during the month of October, I listed what I did to bring me closer to God and to Our Lady. Soon I found that I was establishing a routine. Each day I heard Mass and received Holy Communion, made visits to the church and to the grotto, and attended Benediction. When I had finished my first novena, I started another immediately, so that by the end of the month I had made three novenas and had started a fourth.

Now that the month has passed, by looking over my journal I realize that I had been forming good habits and that it would be foolish of me to discontinue what I have been doing.

(To be continued)

In the spiritual life all is wanting to him who believes nothing is needed.—St. Bernard.

Wisdom While You Wait

H. G. B.

The world is ruled by the Wisdom of God and the folly of men.

Man is an angel with broken wings; how can he mend them?

According to Benedictine tradition the two wings by which the monk rises to heaven are Prayer and Work.

Prayer exercises the highest energies of the soul, prayer pierces the clouds and rings the bells in heaven.

Work demands the activity of both body and soul, the service of the whole man.

The liturgy of the church combines both prayer and work, in so far as it presses both body and soul into the solemn service of Almighty God.

The Divine Office has truly been ordained by the Wisdom of God in general and by the Church of Rome and Saint Benedict in particular.

These institutions have lessened the folly of men in the past and will yet do so in the future.

Under the Fig Tree

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

NATHANAEL saith to him (Jesus): "Whence knowest thou me?" Jesus answered, and said to him: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." (St. John 1:48) Our Lord had just given Nathanael the greatest grace man is capable of receiving on this earth, the call to follow Him. Jesus saw him under the fig tree. The fig tree in Holy Scripture is a symbol of prayer, peace and contentment. "Juda and Israel dwelt without any fear, every one under his vine and under his fig tree." (3 Kgs. 4:25) So Nathanael was given so great a grace probably while he was at prayer. Prayer paves the way to great graces for us as well. God sees us under the "fig tree" and He will be moved to call us, i. e., to give us a most abundant supply of His graces. Father Faber says, "His ear lies close to our lips: it touches them. . . . It is always listening." If we keep to the

shadow of the "fig tree," we shall deserve to be called more readily by our Lord. He was no doubt so well pleased with Nathanael, because He found him engaged in an action eminently pleasing to Him, wherefore He called him "an Israelite in whom there is no guile." We have surely experienced at one time or another the manifold blessings which come to us in the state of prayer. "He that keepeth the fig tree shall eat the fruits thereof." (Prov. 27:18.) God knows those who speak frequently in prayer with Him; that is the only way we men can speak to Him—by prayer. What is prayer? Conversation with God. If, then, we have become familiar with God by frequent prayer, by often resting under the "fig tree," then when we ask Him, as did Nathanael, "Lord, whence knowest thou me?" Our Savior will answer, "When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." Let us then take the wholesome advice of Ven. Louis Blossius: "Leave many things and embrace one—for one thing is necessary for thee. Abide with thy Lord; place thyself by thy God; go not from thy Master; sit in His shadow, Whom thou lovest, that His fruit may be sweet to thy throat."

To-day profits by yesterday's lesson.—Syrus.

Gifts

ANNE ROBINSON

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made
This world so beautiful to see;
We thank Thee for a bird, a rose,
And for the fruitful tree.

We bless Thee for our food and drink,
For sheltering roof and raiment, too;
For hands and feet, for eyes to note
What things are good and true.

But more than all we worship Thee
For Love, the greater, better part. . . .
With joy we kneel, adore Thy Gift,
And praise Thy Sacred Heart.

Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 175)

Germany, 174; (8) Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, 172; (9) Montserrat, in Spain, 166; (10) St. Andrew's, near Bruges in Belgium, 157; (11) St. Meinrad, in Indiana, 141; (12) Solesmes, in France, 136.—The figures given above do not include the new recruits received during the year 1931.

Notes of Interest

—A famous old tulip tree at Falls Church, Virginia, to which George Washington tethered his horse when he attended Sunday services, has been saved for future generations by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The tree was chosen in accordance with the Society's plan to preserve one historic tree each year. Last year, they selected the famous Land Office Elm at Marietta, Ohio, which formerly shaded the land office where final settlements were made of Revolutionary War scrip.

—Recently the notorious Mrs. Margaret Sanger was announced for a talk in the Washington Auditorium, the largest meeting place in the Capital, with a seating capacity of 61,000. The newspapers gave the lecture great publicity; loud speakers were installed to carry her filthy teachings to every corner of the hall. But alas, less than 100 persons paid for admission. Not even 150 were present, counting those admitted free. The total gate receipts were less than \$200. John McCormack sang in the same hall some time ago at a benefit for the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception and brought in \$12,700. The contrast is striking.

—John L. Stoddard, a convert to the Faith in 1922 after living a pronounced agnostic for forty years, died at his villa, "Maia Bassa," Merano, Trentino, Italy, on June 5, at the age of 81. His fame as an author, traveler, and lecturer is world-wide. After his conversion, he wrote "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," the story of his own conversion. Dr. Stoddard, who lived a saintly life at his villa, received the last sacraments with edifying devotion. Priests of the secular clergy and of the religious orders, besides sisters and a great body of the laity, including military and civil authorities, attended the funeral. "The poor wept bitterly for the loss of a great benefactor." In his will he left considerable money for the poor.

—Nino Pecararo, the well-known spiritistic medium who led Sir Arthur Conan Doyle into the meshes of spiritism, has revealed that his "supernatural revelations" were faked.

—Thousands of conversions to the Catholic Church are reported from Russia. This is due partly to the fact that the Byzantine Slovak Rite is being used by the priests of the Polish Province of the Society of Jesus. This rite appeals particularly to the Russians. The Church does not insist much upon non-essential special devotions of the Latin Church, such as the Rosary, since the Holy Father has no desire to Latinize Orientals.

—Four New York clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church have entered the Catholic Church and three of them will study for the priesthood. The fourth is married.

—Captain Frank Hawks flew from London to Berlin in two hours and 57 minutes, arriving ahead of a telegram that had been sent from London, telling that he had started.

—The diocesan process, preliminary to the beatification and canonization of the Servant of God, Catherine Tekakwitha, was opened on May 22. Catherine Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, was an Indian maiden who practiced heroic virtue and died with a reputation for holiness which has grown with the years. She was born in 1656 of a captive Algonquin mother and an Iroquois father in that part of the Mohawk Valley now comprising the parish of St. Cecilia, Fonda, N. Y.

Benedictine

—The Rev. Raymond Basel, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, has been appointed Prior and Procurator of St. Gregory's Abbey in Oklahoma.

—On June 13th the Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., Abbot of St. John's Abbey, received from the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith a decree appointing the Rev. Bernard Kevenhoerster, O. S. B., Prefect Apostolic of the Bahama Islands.

—St. John's Abbey commemorated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation on June 24th.

—The catalog of the Benedictine Order for 1930 gives the following statistics. There are in the Benedictine Order two Cardinals, six Archbishops, eleven Bishops, four Prefects Apostolic, one Abbot Primate, twelve Abbots "Nullius Dioecesis," 122 reigning Abbots and Abbots Coadjutor, thirty-one resigned and Titular Abbots. There are 9070 Benedictines, which is an increase of 900 in the past five years. The Order is divided into fifteen Congregations. The total enrollment of boys and young men in the Benedictine schools is 24,861. In their parishes and missions the Benedictines care for 1,560,288 souls. The American-Cassinese Congregation, which ranks third in respect to the number of souls under its care (225,780), is the first in the number of students enrolled (4417). In the whole world there are 14,701 Benedictines Sisters.

—While numerous monasteries send laborers into the foreign mission field, the Congregation of St. Odile, devotes itself exclusively to the foreign mission. This Congregation, which has a Priory at Newton, N. J., has a total membership of 990 religious. Of these 240 are priests, 93 are clerics approaching the priesthood. Moreover, the Congregation has 552 boys and young men preparing for the priesthood in their sixteen monasteries. Lay brothers, novices, and postulants in this Congregation number 657.

—Out of the 187 Benedictine monasteries of the whole world the following twelve have the largest membership: (1) St. Odile, in Germany, 461; (2) Muensterschwarzach, in Germany, 285; (3) Beuron, in Germany, 254; (4) St. Martinsberg, in Pannonia, 252; (5) St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania, 222; (6) St. John's, in Minnesota, 213; (7) Maria Laach, in

(Continued on page 174)

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Why does the Bishop examine the children when he gives the Sacrament of Confirmation?—Caldwell, N. J.

The Bishop has the obligation of knowing that those who are to be confirmed are possessed of sufficient knowledge of their religion to receive the Sacrament. Most Bishops make it a practice, on occasion of administering Confirmation, to examine the children who are to receive the Sacrament. It is, indeed, a pleasure, too, to see a crowd of children all alert and anxious to answer the questions proposed by the Bishop. The editor of this column made the acquaintance sometime ago of a splendid convert who stated he had been brought in to the Catholic Church by witnessing just such an examination of children by the Bishop.

Does the Benedictine Order have an educational board of any nature or a particular system of education similar to the Jesuits?—St. Paul, Minn.

The Benedictine Order does not have a system of educational training similar to the Jesuit "Plan of Studies." There are, of course, traditional features of Benedictine education, but the system as a whole is a very adaptable one and can be fitted into any general scheme of education. In this country the various Benedictine schools are gathered into an organization known as the National Benedictine Educational Association and each year delegates from the various schools assemble to discuss educational matters. This summer the meeting was held at St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pa.

Is it true that anyone employed is exempt from the law of fasting? I have been told that stenographers and school teachers are exempt.—St. Louis, Mo.

Not all who are excused from fasting are permitted to eat meat once a day on the fast days outside of Lent. Teachers, stenographers, etc., may be dispensed from fasting, but they do not enjoy the privilege of the indulgent permitting meat. Members of the family of a workingman may eat flesh meat once a day on fast days, but if they have no hard work they are not dispensed from fasting. And not all "employed" are excused from fasting, but those who are considered as doing laborious work.

Can a Catholic marriage be performed in the afternoon?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Yes. But there is nothing lovelier or more practically Catholic than to be married at Holy Mass, the proper time for a Catholic wedding to take place. Many people to-day, alas! merely for the sake of social standing will deprive themselves of that loveliest of ceremonies, the Nuptial Mass.

Is it a sin not to fear death?—Newark, N. J.

Your question may be taken in a twofold sense and hence answered in a twofold manner. If a person, through hardness of heart and lack of faith brought on by sin, were not to fear death, then the matter might be a sin. But there is a possibility of not fearing death arising from an altogether different motive or cause. Many of the Saints, we read, far from dreading death, rather desired it, in order to be united to God. Therefore, if one were to live in no fear of death through a desire of dying in order to be united with God, such a lack of fear of death would not be a sin.

Does biting the finger nails before Communion break the fast?—Dayton, Ohio.

Not if you do not swallow the bitings. Finger nails make a very poor diet and it is neither sanitary nor polite to chew or nibble the finger nails at any time.

Is Saint Lois a Saint of the early ages? Who was she?—Chicago, Ill.

The name Lois as such is not found in the catalogue of the Saints. In his Second Letter to Timothy, Chapter I, Verse 5, Saint Paul speaks of a Lois, the grandmother of Timothy. Amongst students of nomenclature there is some controversy as to the derivation of the name Lois as a Saint's name; some derive it from Louis and still others from Aloysius. You may consider either of the two latter as your Patron Saint and the life of either may easily be found in a copy of the Lives of the Saints.

Do the Benedictine Fathers have any foreign missions?—New York, N. Y.

You will find your question very admirably answered in the June issue of the GRAIL. Either you are a new reader of this splendid magazine or the note concerning Benedictine foreign missions escaped your attention. See also page 175 of this issue.

Is it true that there is a new Diocese in the United States of America and where is it?—Wilmington, Delaware.

Apparently you do not read a Catholic paper very closely or keep in touch with Catholic activities. Yes, there is a new Diocese in the United States, the Diocese of Reno, Nevada. Formerly, the eastern part of the State of Nevada belonged to the Diocese of Salt Lake, Utah, and the western part to the Diocese of Sacramento, California. Now the State of Nevada constitutes the Diocese of Reno and the Rt. Rev. Thomas K. Gorman, formerly of the Los Angeles Diocese, is the first Bishop of the new Diocese.

Would it be a sin for a mother to give her baby away?—Detroit, Mich.

Whilst the very thought of giving away her baby by a mother seems repugnant and entirely out of accord with the generally accepted opinions of mother love, still there might be circumstances in which a mother could give her babe away and not be guilty of sin. Take the case of a helpless or very poor mother, whose child was desired by some one else who could shower every advantage upon the child, then the mother would not be guilty of sin who gave her child away in this case, knowing the child would receive advantages she could never bestow upon it. There might be other circumstances warranting such action, but lack of space here forbids entering upon them in detail.

(Continued on page 183)



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

DROUTH, FIRE, AND GRASSHOPPERS

As all the readers of THE GRAIL probably know ere this, St. Paul's Indian Mission at Marty, South Dakota, was visited by fire on the night of July 6th. One of the buildings of the Mission compound was entirely consumed. (See accompanying illustration.) The rest of the buildings that make up the Mission were spared, thank God!

The following account of the fire appeared in some of our Catholic papers:

"Last midnight one of the main buildings of St. Paul's Catholic Sioux Indian Mission of Marty, South Dakota, was destroyed by fire. The stillness of the night was broken by the shrill alarm whistle in the engine room. The fire in the lower story had already gained great headway before the inmates were aroused and made their escape. Men and Indian boys assembled the fire hose and brought it to play upon the blaze but all in vain. The rest of the contents of the 30,000 gallon water tank was then used to save the adjoining buildings. A group of Indian boys was stationed at the top of each adjoining building with buckets of water to extinguish the burning embers as they alighted. It was a sad spectacle to have to stand helpless and witness the destruction of a \$25,000 building, which had been built only one year, and was not yet paid for. Fifty per cent was covered by insurance. The Sisters and Indian girls gathered in the chapel and prayed that the other buildings might be spared, while the men and Indian boys fought the fire. Their prayer was heard. The fire department from Wagner, South Dakota, fourteen miles distant, came out to the Mission with truck and equipment, but nothing could be done. The building contained a great quantity of supplies for the institution. Father Sylvester Eisenman, the Benedictine Father in charge, together with the Sisters and Indian children ask earnestly for help in this time of distress."

From the brief appeal that Father Sylvester made to the public in general we take the subjoined para-

graph: "Troubles seem to come in groups. Excessively hot winds, and millions of grasshoppers have consumed all our crops. There will be no harvest this year. Poor old Job! I am beginning to realize how he felt."

In a personal letter, written under date of July 2nd, Father Sylvester said, in part: "The past two days the thermometer soared to 109 and 111 in the shade. One of those hot-blast western winds has been blowing from the South without any let up for four days and nights. Three fourths of our garden has been burnt to a crisp.... Our 500 acres of oats, barley, and rye have gone.... Now comes a plague of grasshoppers. The county has shipped in quantities of poison, and we have been spreading it on our fields with partial success. We have had just one rain this season."

THE INDIAN SITUATION

(Continued)

If there was ever a conquered race, a race held in captivity, the Indians are that. It took a long time to subdue their pride, to break their spirit, but it has been done at last. The Indian lives a listless, helpless life, a life that is a mere fight for existence. His food is of the poorest, his raiment inadequate to the rigorous winters, taxed for projects from which he obtains no benefit. Mr. Robert Gessner, the New York professor who has taken up the cudgels for the Indian cause, writes that one tribe, whose money the Government is holding, receives the fabulous income of \$15.94 per capita. Others, who were reputed millionaires, because of their oil lands, are reputed to have been robbed systematically until now their wealth is only about one-



RESULT OF FIRE AT MARTY

tenth of what it used to be—from \$13,500 a year to \$1500 per year. The Indians could not buy what they wanted without first asking permission of the Bureau. It is claimed that friends of those in charge of the Bureau benefited by this money; if an Indian wanted to buy an automobile, the Bureau sent around a man who talked the Indian into a \$7500 limousine; when the machine needed repairs, he was directed to some friend of the Bureau who ran a garage, and the bill, running into thousands, was O.K'd by the Indian Office; in the same way, the Indian could not have a funeral for one of his own family without first consulting with the Bureau, who sent around an undertaker who charged fancy prices for everything.

Physicians, charges Mr. Gessner, were often made health consultants for the Indians at a princely stipend, without ever seeing the Indians whom they were supposed to cure. There were also innumerable probate attorneys, supervising probate attorneys, clerks, fee clerks, etc., on the payroll, all drawing upon the tribal fund. Indians were said to have been insured, the insurance deeded to some white person, and then found a few months later with bullets in their heads.

Only good and prosperous things have been broadcast by the Bureau about the Indians; Mr. Gessner charges that a "smoke screen" has been thrown around the Bureau's doings, only favorable reports sent out, and the people of the United States, reading these, sat back and felt that the Indians were being given the best of care. Mr. Gessner made a three-year survey of Indian conditions. The object of his visit to the Reservations was originally to gather data for a book of folklore of the Indians which he intended to publish. Instead, he found such shocking conditions among these poor people that he resolved to change his visit to an investigation trip. His book, "Massacre," is the result.

He tells of one poor old Indian woman who lived in a dirt-roofed, dirt-floored, old, dilapidated log shack containing no furniture and no food. Not knowing how to sustain life, she went as a last resort to the Government subagent and complained of her hard lot, asking for help. This Indian Service employee, whose salary was being paid out of her tribal fund, refused to give her anything. Instead, he advised her to drown out gophers for food, and gave her minute instructions on how to do it. Our missionaries could tell plenty of stories along this same line if they so wished.

Also, the Indian Bureau was said to have sent out bulletins on how greatly the Indian population has increased! These figures, it is said, have been padded; instead, the Indians are dying six times faster than the whites, and on some reservations the percentage is far higher. Dread tuberculosis stalks among them, and they have become "veritable cesspools of disease," as the Professor writes, from insufficient nourishing food, inadequate clothing, and bad housing.

It is to be hoped that men like this will continue to raise fearless voices up and down our fair land, until public opinion forces a complete reform in the handling of Indian affairs. "We have done far more for our Negroes and the Filipinos than we have done for our

own Indians—the only 100 per cent Americans in the land the whites usurped." Let us hope there will soon be a change for the better.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes under date of March 30: "Last week we had a little touch of winter, the coldest since the New Year, in the shape of a man-size blizzard. Of course, Father Damian, thirsting for thrills, had to get out with a scoop shovel to remove the snow from before the garage door. He had not worked very long until both ears experienced a little tinge, followed by a feeling of comfort. He casually put his fingers to one of his ears—and found it was like a piece of pasteboard. Since that time they have assumed proportions a trifle smaller than a good-sized saucer. Now he wears his cap whenever there is any indication of frost. The kiddies are all quite well. That dairy barn has proved a godsend, for the children now have all the milk and butter they can take care of.

"The usual program of improvements, long delayed, now confronts us. We need several small buildings to take care of our industrial work, besides making some alterations in the school. I sincerely hope Divine Providence will make these much needed improvements possible. In putting up the school, we restricted ourselves to the barest necessities, overlooking many items that are much needed. These we must now take care of, if we hope to continue our school in a truly beneficial way."

Father Damian sends an interesting bit of news: "Eight miles from the Little Flower School, the Government maintains a school, providing for approximately 285 children. Here Father garnered in some new recruits for altar service. The prayers were studied and the ceremonies learned, as well as time, circumstances, and conditions would allow. First Friday was nigh and confessions were heard; the Mass was to be at 6:15. That night a bright moon shone, and four of the youngsters from the Government School were congratulating themselves upon being chosen to serve in the morning. But two of them, wishing to have the first rights at serving, instead of being just "angels," plotted together and arose out of bed at 4:30, dressed, and went over to the church. It was 10 above zero, but they played marbles in the moonlight until the lights were lit in the mission church, and then they hurried in, so that their companions might not forestall them in their pious desire!"

Father Ambrose is asking for some sewing machines. We can get them at \$5, \$7, \$10, etc. Who will donate something for a machine? Write Clare Hampton.

FROM ONE OF MARTY'S BOYS

Dear Friend,

I am writing you a letter to tell you about our mission and where I work. I work in the little boys' dormitory on the third floor. I sweep the floor and level off the beds. When I am done with that, Sister Rita gives me other work to do. I like to help Sister Rita. She is so good to us. We now have our new building.

St. Benedict's Hall. The boys helped quite a lot hauling rocks for it. I am in the Fifth Grade this year. I am 12 years old and have two brothers and one sister. This is my fifth year at Marty, and we are all so grateful to our benefactors for helping our mission. I will close my letter now.

Yours truly,
William Hawkins.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

(Continuing Doris La Croix' letter from last month):

"The Church is just a few steps from the Priest-house. It is only a few years old. We had a different church before, but it was destroyed by a cyclone in 1924 and you good people helped us to build a new one. But now this one is getting too small, because there are more little children coming in every year. The upper classes go to school in the church basement. That is where I am. This place is at the same time an entertainment hall, with a stage, but not a very large one. The fifth and sixth grades go to school in the morning and the seventh and eighth in the afternoon. We also have a library, but it is getting too small for all the books the good people send us. I wish St. Joseph would send us a carpenter to build one more bookcase.

And now the Cemetery; it is not far from here. We always have a Corpus Christi altar out there. Last year I was a flower girl, strewing flowers during the Corpus Christi procession. We little Indians are very

happy on that day because our parents come and take us home on that day. Hurrah for vacation!

Now we are about finished walking through "our town," except for the barn which is a little farther north. It is a large one; we have Holstein cattle and two silos. The cows give good milk too, judging how fat we get while at school. When we go home we get thin again; because we have no milk. The cows give milk three times a day; some of the boys in my grade get up to milk at four in the morning, some after dinner, and some at eight o'clock in the evening. All the children seem to like milk, except me; I don't like it."

FATHER JUSTIN'S LETTER

"Since Father Pius' illness, I have had a great deal of work to do. A few weeks ago Father William from St. Meinrad arrived to help me, and it surely was a relief to me. Father William likes Dakota very much. This week he is instructing the First Communion class; I believe there are 27, most of them little Indian children in our school. Next Sunday is First Communion Day, and on that day the children will pray very hard for all the benefactors of our mission school, who make it possible to keep the children here during the long school year.

"Work has gone forward on the basement for the new addition to our school building. We simply must finish it this year; last year we were so crowded, we

(Continued on page 184)



PREPARATIONS FOR NEEDED ADDITION TO STEPHAN SCHOOL, BUT FUNDS ARE NOT AVAILABLE



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

The Town of Don't-You-Worry

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of River-Smile,
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while;
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the Valley-of-Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely City
At the foot of No-Fret-Hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing
You'll find scattered here and there,
And to each a Vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earliest-Prayer.
Everybody there is happy
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River-Smile.—Ex.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

Guy de Fontgalland

The simplicity of childhood coupled with the unblemished innocence radiant in children has ever been a most delightful theme for Christian writers. A supercilious few regard such pious stories as sentimental. They can become so, but when God raises up the little ones in whom He so delighted, and of whom is the Kingdom of Heaven, He does so for a purpose, even if that purpose is none other than to favor us with a peep into heaven.

Of late a number of edifying children have been given to the Church to lead their elders from the way of error, decrying the murder of their unborn playmates in unstudied sermons, and reproaching the wicked by their unfeigned astonishment at sin.

One of these celestial citizens visited the earth during the great European cataclysm. Just at the outbreak of the World War, Guy de Fontgalland took up his earthly abode at Paris. Born on November 30, 1913, he remained on this stormy earth until peace was again restored.

The first word formed by the lips of this child of predilection was not "mamma" but the sweeter name of "Jesus." That first word sanctified his lips and

consecrated them to God's service,—especially to the truth which he was never known, even in frail childhood, to violate. It pained him even to know that others could speak an untruth. Witness this candid little sermon which he delivered to his own mother once when she could not receive a visitor, and had asked the maid to say that she—the mistress—was not at home. "Why, mother!" said Guy, "Would you tell two lies, yours and the maid's? I would rather have the toothache than do that."

The love that Guy had for the other virtues did not lag behind his esteem for the truth. He once saw his mother attired in a sleeveless gown for a ball and reproved her for it in the most tender words.

"Mother, do not let others see you like that! Put on a dress that covers your shoulders and arms. Little Jesus is not pleased with that."

Would that older persons had the courage to speak their minds with such fearlessness, and would that older persons had the maturity of Judgment enjoyed by this child to distinguish between what is pleasing to God and what is displeasing. Even when the distinction is made, not many have the virtue to follow the dictates of their abused conscience.

The saintly child was more than a moralist. He was a mystic. There was nothing astounding in his short life. He was simply stamped as a child of God.

He was not three years old when he was told that the little Jesus dwelt in his heart as long as he was good. This gave him the greatest happiness. One night after he had gone to bed, his mother heard him speaking softly in his room. She called to him:

"Guy, what are you doing?"

"I am talking, mother," he replied.

"But you are all alone," his mother said in surprise.

"Don't you understand, mother? I am talking with the little Jesus."

A little later we find him making three resolutions which he sets himself to observe. They are simple and well within the power of a child to keep: to say morning and evening prayers faithfully each day, always to be busy, and "to cause himself trouble" every day for the little Jesus. That was his way of expressing an act of mortification. It was his ambition to become a priest: he prayed fervently that this desire might be realized.

When the time came to make his first Communion, he prepared himself most diligently. The night before the great event he found it impossible to sleep. He bore the waiting as long as he could, but at five o'clock he

woke his mother and asked her to get up that he might have someone with whom to share his happiness. He was then only seven years old. It is said that his face shone with joy in anticipation of the union of that pure soul with its Maker.

The first Communion day held for Guy an event of great moment, for when he had received his Beloved from the hand of the priest and had returned to his pew in the church, he heard clearly a voice speaking within him.

What the Heavenly Guest said to him he kept a well-guarded secret, even from his mother. When she asked him that evening what he had prayed for, he told her that he had asked for absolutely nothing. "The little Jesus spoke to me," he said, "I listened to Him and said 'yes.'" More he would not reveal.

At an early age the child started to school. He attended the school of St. Aloysius in Paris, where the notes he made were not what his mother expected of him. A remonstrance from her almost coaxed the secret from his heart, for when she asked him why he did not show more interest in his school work, he was about to tell her the secret. The words, however, would not come, and with the words, "Mother, I shall some day be your glory," he fled from the room.

In July, 1924, the Fontgalland family, much to Guy's delight, spent some time at Lourdes. It was a rare opportunity for the pious lad and he made good use of it, spending many hours in fervent prayer where the little Bernadette had once been favored with the apparitions of the Mother of God.

On the last day of this visit, Guy was kneeling at the shrine in prayer, when he heard and recognized the voice of his first Communion day. But this time the message was more definite. He knelt there motionless, oblivious of everything about him. After some time, he arose and returned to the hotel where he found his parents at dinner; boylike, he quickly joined them. Taking all apologies as granted, he began at once, as he spread his napkin; "O mother, the Mother of God has told me a secret."

In wonderment his mother asked him what the secret was, but he refused to say more. "A secret, mother, is only for two, not for three."

There the matter rested, and perhaps the mother gave it little more thought. But during the night of December 7, 1924, the eve of the Immaculate Conception, Guy woke his mother:

"Mother," he said, "I must tell you a secret, a secret that will make you cry."

He now revealed what he had heard on the day of his first Holy Communion and before the statue of Mary at Lourdes.

"Mother, I am going to die soon. The Blessed Virgin is going to take me."

The child was as strong and healthy as any eleven-year-old boy with no sign of sickness. But the mother felt that this was not a child's fancy.

"My boy," she asked, "why did you not tell me of this before?"

"O mother, I have not done so," Guy replied, "be-

cause I knew that it would make you sad. The Blessed Mother will come to meet me. She is coming on a Saturday and said she would take me from your arms."

Diphtheria took hold of the child and he lay between life and death for several weeks. But he gradually improved, so that on the 29th of December all signs of the dread sickness had vanished.

This did not mean, of course, that he was again in as good health as before. In fact, on that very day, when the doctors pronounced him free from diphtheria, he grew so deathly pale that his parents, fearing the end had come, sent for the parish priest. Guy was unable to swallow and hence did not receive Holy Viaticum. The next day he rallied but he knew that he would never be well. When the ringing of the bells ushered in the new year, Guy said to his mother:

"Mother, this is the year in which I shall die. This is a jubilee year—a beautiful year in which to go to heaven."

Several times in the course of the following weeks he became worse. On the night of January 11, a Sunday, it seemed to Guy's mother that the end must have come. She rushed to his bedside but was told by the child: "I see what you think, mother, but do not worry. I shall not die to-night. I shall die during the day—on a Saturday—and it will be in your arms. Of that I am sure."

Two weeks later, on the 24th of January, Guy asked his mother what day of the week it was, and when told that it was Saturday, he said:

"Then, mother, to-day is the day on which the Mother of God will come to take me out of your arms."

And so it was. At ten o'clock the doctor was called as the child was seen to be in a serious condition. By twelve, he was no longer able to swallow even a little Lourdes water for which he had asked. He was anointed and then placed in his mother's arms where he expired with the words "Jesus, I love Thee," on his lips.

This holy child was scarcely cold in death when a flood of letters began to appear, telling of favors received through the youthful wonder-worker. Even the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, expressed in a letter to the parents his joy and astonishment at the virtues of the youth.

PATRICK SHAUGHNESSY, O. S. B., Rome, Italy.

CALL OF NATURE

I meant to do my work to-day—
But a robin sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flew across my path,
And all the flowers were calling me.

The wind went singing o'er the land,
Waving the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow beckoned with shining hand,
So what could I do but laugh and go?

EXPRESSION LESSON

When My Birthday Was

(Note:—Since every child has a birthday anniversary, and since so many observe these anniversaries with parties, this little reading will be appreciated by

every audience whether it is a parlor program or the public platform. This selection may be given by either a boy or a girl.—The speaker should announce the title in a clear tone, speaking the words slowly, and loud enough to be heard by the person sitting in the farthest corner of the room.—If the speaker is not a child, he or she should try to imitate a child's voice and manner.)

Say, when my birthday wuz, (*Rising inflection*)
My landy, landy suz!
I purty near fell off my chair,
'Cause on the brekfus table there (*Point*)
Was such a lot of things, and, Oh! A really watch
With hands that go!

And when my birthday wuz,
Didn't I make things buzz? (*High tone*)
I 'vited all the boys I knew (*Do not pause*)
To come and have a party. Whew! (*Whistle*)
How funny mamma looked at me (*No pause*)
When all those boys came in to tea!

But it wuz my birthday,
So she just let us play,
While she fixed some candy and some cakes,
And cookies—those my Grandma makes.
We played with my sussesman's cart,
Until we got it all apart.

My birthday stopped at night,
And I was tired all right. (*Rising inflection*)
"What time is it?" asked Uncle Deane, (*Emphasize "time"*)
And I said, "Quarter to thirteen
By my watch!" Oh, my landy suz!
How glad I am my birthday wuz!" (*Emphasize "glad"*)

LETTER BOX

The Letter Box has cried its eyes out. It stands alone, deserted, and forsaken. The Cornerites do not love it anymore. They are too busy romping in green fields, wading in babbling brooks, swaying in shaded hammocks, swinging from leafy boughs, or fishing, rowing, climbing, or dozens of other things.

And when school starts there will be more excuses. Books, lessons, and no time to write letters. Too bad, isn't it!

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

What shall we do and where shall we go to have a good time, are questions that every young person is asking when the question of recreation arises.

Catholic young people have no excuse for frequenting doubtful amusements, much less attending bad ones when there are so many beneficial forms of recreation offered them.

You cannot handle pitch or tar without becoming soiled, and if you permit yourself to attend bad amusements your character will become besmirched. This is true of every form of amusement, including books,

movies, dances, entertainments, and the company you keep.

Bad amusements poison your mind and offer you temptations which you are not strong enough to overcome, and you should avoid them as you would a contagious disease. The moral contagion of bad amusement is more deadly than physical contagion could be. Although it does not affect your body it will ruin your soul. It will poison your heart, though it may not affect your health.

A good Catholic should refrain from giving scandal to other people. If you frequent bad amusements, others will be tempted to follow your example. If you set a bad example, you may keep some one from becoming a Catholic, though he may be so inclined, for he will say, "Look at that Catholic. He should set a good example, but he has no care for what he does. He is no better than others and not as good as some who have no religion. Why should I join his church?"

You discourage bad amusements by keeping away from them. You can be an influence for good by patronizing wholesome entertainments.

LITTLE THINGS

It takes a little muscle,
And it takes a little grit;
A little true ambition
With a little bit of wit.
It's not the "biggest" things that count
And make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do
That make the old world go.

A little bit of smiling
And a little sunny chat;
A little bit of courage
To a comrade slipping back.
It's not the "biggest" things that count
And make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do
That make this old world go.

It takes a kindly action,
And it takes a word of cheer
To fill a life with sunshine
And to drive away a tear.
Great things are not the "biggest" things
That make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that we may do
That make this old world go.—Ex.

A CHILD'S TRUST REWARDED

EDWARD J. LAVELL

Most of us have seen the picture of a little child kneeling upon the altar and knocking upon the Tabernacle door. The incident occurred in the year 1877 in a boarding school conducted by nuns in Ireland.

The child in question excelled in piety and devotion, and it worried her greatly that her father was but a lukewarm Catholic, who seldom received the Sacraments or practiced his religion.

She knew Who best could help, and so had recourse to prayer, but feeling that she must impress her earnest desire in some way upon her dear Lord's mind, she conceived the idea of creeping out of her bed

night, when all her fellow boarders were asleep about her in the dormitory, and going to the chapel. There she knelt and prayed with all the force of her young soul before the Tabernacle.

Suddenly, by some particular intuition, she took off her shoes and climbed upon the altar. Then, knocking upon the Tabernacle door, she asked softly, "Jesus, are You there?"

Pressing her ear against the little door, she breathlessly awaited the answer from within. But all around her a deathly silence reigned.

Again she knocked and put her question, and again listened. Silence!

Undaunted, she knocked a third time and asked: "Jesus, dear, are You there?"

And, lo! From within the Tabernacle came the sound of a voice:

"I am here, dear child. What is it you wish?"

She replied: "That my father may return to Thee, and love Thee as much as my mamma and I do."

Then, satisfied that she had been heard, she climbed down and softly returned to the dormitory, where she lay down among her sleeping companions, and was soon rocked to sleep by her good angel.

But her father was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night, and stricken with the fear of death. Before his eyes he saw, as in a moving picture, his own death, the dread judgment he must undergo, and subsequent punishment, realizing all the horrors of hell.

He lost no time after that dread vision in relieving his soul of its burden in Confession, and thereafter found his chief good and greatest sweetness in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

CORRECT ENGLISH

The use of correct English is so important that eternal vigilance should be exercised at all times lest one betray either ignorance or carelessness. A domestic in a certain home was often admired by stranger guests and pleasing compliments offered upon her attractive appearance as well as the excellent way in which she performed her duties. However, as soon as spoke, her inferiority became evident. Her employer said, "People would have a pretty good opinion of Clara if she would keep her mouth closed!"

Among the errors of pronunciation which she frequently committed were such as these: feesh and deesh, for fish and dish; orta for ought to. Such gross mispronunciations, together with a loud, rasping voice detracted so from her seeming loveliness that persons of culture left her alone.

Correct English is both a business and a social asset. It is not easy to succeed along commercial lines unless one has it; it is impossible to possess poise and charm without it.

A child should learn to use correct English before he is old enough to go to school. If he hears correct expressions in the home, he will have little difficulty in forming correct habits of speech, especially if his incorrect statements are followed by correct statements from some older persons.

Beautiful speech, like beautiful behavior, gives higher pleasure than statues or pictures. It is the finest of fine arts.

"BRIGHT" ANSWERS

Climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

Latitude and Longitude are imaginary lines running around the earth to show where you are and which way you are going.

Wool is a material that silk stockings are not made of.

A circle is a closed straight line that has been bent. Bi-monthly means the installment plan.

EXCHANGE SMILES

"I broke a corner of the cement walk," said Geraldine as she came in from play.

"Well, dear, how did you do that?" asked mother, smiling sweetly.

"I pounded it with father's watch," answered Geraldine.

Teacher—Who laughed aloud just then?

Pupil—I did, sir, but I didn't mean to.

Teacher—You didn't mean to?

Pupil—No, sir! I laughed in my sleeve, and I didn't know there was a hole in the elbow.

Tourist—Where are you from?

Native—From Georgia.

Tourist—What part?

Native—All of me.

Willie had lost his knife. After vainly searching, he said, "I wish I had another pocket. It might have been in that one."

Here lies what's left

Of Henry Glenn;

Match in gas tank—

Up went Hen.

Kweery Korner

(Continued from page 186)

What is the difference between a Novena and a Triduum?—Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Novena is a series of devotions extending over a period of nine days: A Triduum is a series of devotions covering the space of three days. The exercises of a Triduum usually take place on three consecutive days, whereas a Novena may be made in which the devotions are held on nine different days but not necessarily consecutive. For example, one might make a Novena of nine First Fridays, nine first Tuesdays, etc.

Is there any specified length of time for a retreat?—Springfield, Mass.

The length of a retreat is governed by many circumstances. The time of the annual retreat in religious communities varies greatly, according to the rules and customs of the institution. The same may be said for the retreats of priests and others. So, the only answer that can be given to your question is to state that no definite time is established for retreats as a whole.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 179)

simply could not take another child into our school. We expect to build another dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and bakery. The latter will have to be nice enough to house the new bake oven for which funds were provided largely through the generosity of readers of the Grail. Thanks be to God that we have the necessary funds on hand for the new oven. We will buy it just as soon as we have a nice place to put it."

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

The blizzard that hit Seven Dolors, also visited St. Paul's in March. It lasted two days and a night, and was driven by a terrific wind. Big drifts were piled everywhere, and all roads were blocked. Father Sylvester received a sick call down on Seven Mile Creek. It was Mrs. Reandeau, a white lady, who, when Father first came to the prairie to take charge of his new mission, used to bring provisions to the sacristy door, so that he might have something to eat. She also looked after the laundry. During the past two years, she and her husband took care of the mission garden. Two men were taken along with the priest, and they tried four different roads, but failed. By following the ridges of the hills, they finally got through. The good lady died next day. She had given two of her daughters to the convent. She was the kind of mother whose faith and devotion helped her to cheerfully part with those who might have been a comfort to her in her old age.

The ritual of Holy Week was carried out at the mission with as much solemnity as possible. The meaning of the prayers and ceremonies was briefly explained to the children, so that they would know what it was all about. Even two-and-a-half-year-old Tony was wide awake. He did not like to see the statues all covered on Passion Sunday, and was much relieved when they were uncovered again at the end of Holy Week.

THOSE WHO SENT ROSARIES, TIN FOIL, MEDALS, ETC.

Mrs. M. Lunney, Chicago; Mrs. T. B. Roberts, St. Paul; Mrs. Jos. Kryza, Chicago; Alphonse Unger, Herndon, Kans.; Donor, Millvale, Pa.; Hollenbeck Press, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Stasia Gluodenis, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Wm. Whitfield, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. J. C. Vielbig, Brooklyn; A. J. Hogan, N. Y. C.; N. Conway, E. Orange, N. J.; Mrs. E. J. Madigan, St. Louis; Geo. Kaiser, Mohnomen, Minn.; Grace Hackett, N. Y. C.; Mary Mooney, Bangor, Me.; Miss Mary Dempsey, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. A. B. Siemon, Phila., Pa.; Mrs. M. Zenisek, Chicago; G. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. J. C. Faherty, Phila., Pa.; Mrs. Fred Bosau, Lexington, Ky.; Chas. Goering, N. Y. C.; Thos. J. Lyons, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Trapp, Cinti., O.; M. Robinson, Brooklyn.

Send tin foil, foreign stamps, medals, rosaries, old

jewelry, beads, etc., to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Father Albert's Mother Dies

Before leaving for Rome in the interest of the beatification of the saintly Mother Maddalena Bentivoglio, Poor Clare Abbess, who died at Evansville in the summer of 1905, Father Albert Kleber, O. S. B., had received word of the serious illness of his good mother in far-off Bavaria. He writes from Rome that after a six-days' voyage on a calm sea, each day of which he was able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice, he landed at Cherbourg on June 19th. The following day he arrived at Wiefelsdorf, Bavaria, where his brother is pastor of the parish church. There he found his mother, as he puts it, "resting—in her grave." Only two days previously had they laid her mortal remains beneath the sod.

"In this ideal country parish church," writes Father Albert, "along a mountain side overlooking a beautiful valley the 'Friedhof' (peace yard, the German for our cold expression—graveyard) surrounds the church. Mother is laid to rest in a little arbor vitae grove aside the entrance to the church, a few steps from the rectory, so that brother passes the grave whenever he goes to church.... After all that I hear from those who had known her intimately in life and in death, I will say but this: God grant that I may live and die as she did."

In the verses that follow Father Albert addresses himself to the dear departed one:

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE

On wings of love I sped to the rising sun;
O'er hills and vales, o'er rivers, lands, and seas
I sped to the heart from which I had received
This beat of mine. The two were synchronized
So well that, as the one lay agonized,
The other beat in anguish and believed
That with the spring the brook must likewise cease.
I sped—but when the weary way was done,
I found at end of my heart's anxious quest
That here, 'neath shielding arbor vitae grove
At God's own fane, she, who gave life and love
To me, two suns ago was laid to rest.

God rest thee, gentle, patient, loving heart!
God rest thee, who didst beat to mine impart!

Abbey and Seminary

—On June 19th summer came with vengeance. During the dry spell the cornfields and the gardens suffered for want of rain, but the wheatfields yielded an abundant harvest—"the best ever." Twenty bushels to the acre is usually considered a good yield in our neighborhood. This year, however, some of the fields produced thirty-five bushels. Our threshers report a yield of 2913 bushels.

—The Fourth of July was passed quietly as usual.

The floating of the stars and stripes was about the only external evidence of Independence Day.

—On July 10th seven young men came to enter the clerical novitiate. Of these, Edward and Paul Walsh, brothers, Alfred Hubers, Raymond Seib, and James Keene came from the College, James Reed, who has finished first year theology, from the Seminary, and the Rev. John A. Rodutsky, class of '20, a priest of the Diocese of Indianapolis. August 5th is the date set for investing these postulants with the habit of St. Benedict.

—On July 23rd Father Columban set out by automobile for South Dakota. He will give two retreats to the Benedictine Sisters at Yankton. Father Hildebrand Elliott accompanied him to work on the Indian mission at Marty. Father Fintan Baltz will follow shortly to Stephan, S. D., to devote his energies likewise to the Indian missions. This will be a great relief to these two missions, whose missionaries have been going on single-handed this long time.

—Fr. Bernard Beck writes from Rome that the diaconate was conferred on him recently. Fr. Patrick Shaughnessy will make his solemn vows at Beuron towards the end of the summer vacation.

—Two of our clerics, Fr. Gualbert Brunsman and Fr. Bernardine Shine, spent several weeks at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, where they submitted to the surgeon's knife. Both returned in good spirits minus an appendix. Bro. Clement was also at the same hospital for a few days. Fr. Augustine Edele spent several weeks at Mt. St. Rose Sanatorium, St. Louis.

—Early in July Father Placidus Kempf returned from Ann Arbor decorated with an A. B. in Library Science. But for the present the Abbey Library will not claim his whole and undivided attention. His appointment as novice master and instructor (immediate superior) of the lay brothers will take up most of his time. His predecessor in office, Father Ildephonse, will again be connected with Jasper Academy next school year.

—Splendid progress has been made on the new Minor Seminary building. In Mid-July workmen anchored the trusses for the roof on the west wing and on part of the south wing. At the same time both the steel and the concrete pillars of the east wing reached upward from the foundation to the second floor.

—The Rev. C. T. Niederpruem, class of '06, pastor at Odin in the diocese of Wichita for a period of twenty-one years, celebrated his silver jubilee on June 10th. In the account of the celebration that appeared in the *Catholic Advance* we noticed that quite a number of our alumni were present on the happy occasion. During Father Niederpruem's fruitful pastorate at Odin the parish has developed sixty-eight vocations to the religious life, and given five priests to the Church, while five young men of the parish are preparing for the priesthood. That's a glorious record. Heartiest congratulations, Father!

Book Notices

From the International Catholic Truth Society (407

Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.) we have the following pamphlets (5¢ each, special price per 100 copies):

(1) *Darrow versus Chesterton*, by Rev. Michael Hogan, S. J., an interesting discussion, which shows that very little may be gained by debating with men of Darrow's caliber. A. B.

(2) *The Mass—Your Sacrifice and Mine*, by M. A. Gray, an instructive explanation of the Holy Sacrifice and of its various parts. The faithful will benefit by its perusal. A. B.

(3) *Reading, Good, Bad, and Indifferent*, by James B. McGarvey, LL. B., a very timely pamphlet which should be widely circulated. The press, which is a great power for evil as well as for good, should be closely watched. A. B.

(4) *Why not the Jackass?* by Lucian Johnston. This leaflet does not attack evolution as such but the materialistic and irreligious presentation thereof. As evolutionists hold various theories, the author proposes as the missing link still another: "Why not the Jackass?" A. B.

One Fold—One Shepherd, by Ernest H. Peatfield (The E. M. Lohmann Co., 413 Sibley St., St. Paul, Minn.; paper cover, 60¢.), is made up of eleven lectures that were delivered by the author, a convert to faith, who spent more than twenty years in the Protestant ministry. While these lectures were intended primarily for Protestants, our Catholic laymen may derive great benefit from their perusal. These lectures, treating as they do the principal doctrines of the Church that are attacked by non-Catholics, will enable Catholics the better to refute these objections. A. B.

Eucharistic Miracles from the Second to the Twentieth Century, by Rev. C. Van der Donckt, (The Pious Union of St. Joseph, St. Benedict, Ore.; price, 30¢.), relates briefly some of the more famous Eucharistic miracles that have taken place during eighteen centuries. A. B.

The Heavenly Jerusalem, by Rosalie Marie Levy, (Box 158, Station D, New York City; price, 25¢.), the story of God's revelation to the human race, has now gone through five editions. A German edition of 25,000 is a proof of the value of the book. The author is a convert from Judaism. A. B.

Bensiger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago):

(1) *How to Serve Low Mass*, by Rev. William A. O'Brien, M. A., (price, 12¢.), is a safe guide for the server at Low Mass and will simplify the instruction of new servers. Phonetic pronunciation, which accompanies the text, will be a great aid in learning how to pronounce the Latin. The illustrations that are scattered through the booklet will also be of service. A. B.

(2) *Students Workbook in Old World History*, accompanying "Old World Foundations of the United States," a text-book for Catholic Schools, by William H. J. Kennedy, Ph. D., and Sister Mary Joseph, O. S. D., Ph. D., (price, 54¢; to schools, 40¢.), is, as its name implies, a *notebook* with various exercises arranged according to the new method of examination for the graduates in public schools. A. B.

(3) *Key to Students Workbook in Old World History* contains the respective words and phrases to be inserted in the Students Notebook. A. B.

Catholic Central-Verein of America, Official Report of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration at Baltimore, Md., Aug. 17-20, 1930. (Wanderer Printing Co., 128 E. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.)—Friends of the Federation will be interested in the proceedings of this convention and in the work it performs, especially the great work accomplished by the Central Bureau at St. Louis. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XIII—DISILLUSIONMENT

MRS. Gallagher was looking in at Madeline's door, and as the latter raised the long, filmy dress from the box, her eyes opened with awe.

"My! But you must have spent a lot o' money on that dress!"

"I didn't spend anything; I didn't buy it. I don't know where it came from. It must be a mistake. But isn't it simply gorgeous?" Her eyes rested with longing upon the beautiful creation.

"You didn't buy it! Then who—" But just then the phone rang in the hall downstairs, and Mrs. Gallagher hurried down to answer it.

"Yes? Yes? Oh, Miss Madeline—it's for you." Madeline laid the frock carefully upon her bed and went down.

"Hello? Yes. Oh! Yes. It came—from you? Oh, Mr. Walker, you are just too kind, but I couldn't—I thought it was a mistake. Thank you so much, but I couldn't think of keeping it. For this evening?—Yes, it would be lovely, but I'm afraid I'll have to send it back—buy it? Why, I'm afraid it will be a little stiff for my purse—\$4.75? Oh, well, in that case, yes, I'll take it. I didn't know they were so cheap. Yes; thank you so much. I'll be ready at seven. Good-bye." Mrs. Gallagher quite frankly had been listening, and when Madeline had finished, she came forward curiously.

"Oh, so he sent it?" she asked, with slight disapproval.

"Yes; he wanted to give it to me, but I wouldn't accept it; then he asked if I'd be willing to pay for it, and I thought it would be too expensive, but he said they were on sale to-day at \$4.75, so I agreed to take it and pay him to-morrow."

"Well, that was wise of you; don't ever accept anything like that."

"I'm to wear it to-night."

"Oh, yes?" The lady raised her eyebrows. "He's taking you?"

"To dinner and a show."

"Well, of course, you did need something more modern; your clothes were a little out of date, you know, but really, I think, either the man is a very fast work-

er, or he must have taken a great liking to you. I do hope he means well by you."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Gallagher? He is the very nicest person imaginable, and a few social evenings don't mean a thing, except trying to be friendly to a stranger."

"Well, he might be all right, I don't know. Sometimes it does happen that bosses marry one of their employees." Madeline laughed heartily.

"Oh, Mrs. Gallagher, how you talk! Back home, some of the girls went out with three or four boys, and never intended to marry any of them."

"Well, yes, of course, that may have been all right, but in the city, you see, things are so different." But Madeline didn't think so.

"Oh, but so far, I've found everybody wonderful in the city."

"I hope that includes me?" smiled the landlady.

"It most surely does. Now I must run along and start primping. Seven o'clock will be here before long."

Madeline had the new gown on and was ready and waiting upstairs by 6:30. She did not intend going down until Mr. Walker was announced. She was a dream in the dress, which was none of the extreme models, but just a sweet, girlish type, which suited Madeline's unsophisticated character to a T. Mr. Walker seemed an excellent judge of clothes.

Next morning, of course, Daisy wanted to know all about it. Madeline told her about the bargain evening gown. Daisy thrust her head forward and knitted her brows when Madeline described it, and then opened her mouth and looked heavenward. Her feelings became so strong that she could no longer restrain herself.

"Oh you poor little simp!" she cried out. "When are you going to get next to yourself?" Madeline was bewildered.

"Get—what? What do you mean?"

"Either you're awfully clever, or you're just plain dumb." Madeline continued looking at the girl, not knowing what to say. "Do you mean to say you believe that that evening gown really cost \$4.75?"

"Why of course! What else am I to believe?"

"Girl, you ought to go up and price them, just for fun. I did. You can't get one under seventy-five or eighty dollars."

"Go on!"

"Yes, and maybe it cost more than that!"

"Well, if Mr. Walker was able to get it cheap for me—"

"Cheap for you! You know what he did? He let you pay \$4.75 and paid the rest himself! You're getting your pretty feet tangled up fine, but don't say I didn't warn you!" But Madeline was nothing if not loyal.

"I don't believe you! Mr. Walker is too nice a man to lie to me like that." Here Daisy put her hand to her mouth and guffawed.

"Oh, my lord! Too nice a man. That's good. You'll live and you'll learn, girlie. You'll live and you'll learn." And with these enigmatical words, she went over to her own side. A couple of days later, Mr. Walker asked her out again.

"They're opening up a new club, and I want you to come with me to enjoy the festivities. I'll send you up a little dress."

"Oh no, Mr. Walker. I am buying them too fast for my poor little purse. Won't the pink chiffon do?"

"But you've already been seen in that one. You want something new and very special for a club like that."

"Why, will the same people be there that were at the other dinner?" she asked innocently. He raised his eyebrows and tried very hard not to smile. But the significance of it escaped her.

"Oh, a great many of them will be. Let me send you up a pretty dance frock; I promise you it won't cost any more than the last one."

"But Mr. Walker—I wanted to ask you something. One of the girls was saying that that pink chiffon cost seventy-five or eighty dollars and that you paid the greater part of it yourself?" At once, his brow darkened and he clenched his hands.

"Who said that?"

"Da—ah, one of the girls."

"You don't like to tell on her, eh? Well, just don't pay any attention to those stupid girls. They're just jealous, that's all. I'll be at your house at seven, and I'll send you a dress—and don't worry about the cost. You can pay for it just as you're able. It doesn't have to be at once. Now, I have to leave you. Bye-bye." He went straight up to his office and sent for Daisy. Madeline's slip-of-the-tongue gave him just the clew he wanted. She came in, wondering why she was wanted.

"Ah—Miss Daisy," he began, and then he questioned her about her words to Madeline until he had her in tears. He had ascertained what he wanted to know. "You may get your hat and go," he said, ominously. "Here is your pay check; your services are no longer needed." And then Miss Moreland had another worry on her mind and another new girl to train. That evening when Madeline came home, she found a long, flat box awaiting her, together with another, smaller one. On opening it, she lifted out a dance frock of all-over pale blue silk lace, with a belt of pale blue velvet. The smaller box contained a corsage of orchids and lily of the valley. She did not know whether to put it on or

not. Something within her made her feel uneasy. Things were going a little too fast for her conservative mind. After her long years of frugality, she could not adjust herself to such sudden extravagance. Were all city people like that? she puzzled. And then, there was Mrs. Gallagher, sharp-eyed, inquisitive. She hated to let the woman see the new dress, for it would provoke disapproving remarks, she was sure. She wished Mr. Walker would not be so assiduous, and she wished she had not accepted his invitation. But the clock on the church tower nearby soon struck 6:30, and she knew she must hustle if she wished to be ready on time. Well, just this once, she promised herself; then she would refuse a few of his invitations, and maybe he would stop asking her. Not that he wasn't a gentleman at all times; his conduct was above reproach. Then why should not she accept his invitations, she asked herself. She admitted that life in the great city would have been a lonely prospect if it had not been for Mr. Walker.

That night, or rather, in the small hours of the morning, a taxi stopped before Mrs. Gallagher's boarding house, and Madeline stepped out. She paid the driver out of her own purse, and then ran with panicky haste up the porch stairs and fitted her key into the lock with shaking fingers. Taking off her slippers, she went noiselessly up the stairs to her room, quickly slipped off the pale blue frock, flung it into the far corner of the room, and threw herself face down, sobbing, upon the bed.

Morning found her a wan, disillusioned Madeline, with stern face, angry eyes, and thin, set lips. She had regained her poise and dignity. She no longer sobbed. Her first action was to place the three dresses—the black store uniform, the pink chiffon, and the pale blue silk lace, in their respective boxes. These she tied up with string, and as soon as she thought the store was open, she phoned for a Western Union messenger, who received instructions to bring the boxes up to Mr. Walker, of the Darlington Department Store. She knew now what all the veiled innuendoes meant; silly, innocent fool that she had been! She had heard of such things vaguely, before, and had scarcely credited them, but now she had faced the stark horror in reality. Instantly, her irreproachable maidenliness had bristled with fierce thorns, and she had quitted the fair, gilded palace of revelry, whose splendor she had innocently enough enjoyed through the evening. She reddened with indignation every time she thought of it, and called herself an innocent country fool. But that was the last time anyone would be able to call her that, she promised herself.

Dressed in her old pink voile, she came down to breakfast, and dallied at the table until all the other boarders had gone. Mrs. Gallagher, of course, was inquisitive.

"Not going to work to-day? I suppose you are tired from being out so late last night."

"No, I'm not going to work," she replied, not knowing whether to tell the woman anything or not.

"Well, I suppose, since you were out with the boss everything will be all right? He'll fix it up for you."

"I don't care if he does or not; I'm not going back any more." Mrs. Gallagher's eyebrows rose, and her mouth formed an O.

"Not going back! Why—what's the matter? Quarrel?"

"No; I just don't ever want to see him again!"

"I wouldn't worry about it," she comforted. "It will blow over."

"No, it will never blow over. And I'm going out to look for a new job this morning." This only whetted the landlady's curiosity the more, and she began a new onslaught of questions. Madeline saw it coming, and not wishing to tell her any more, she arose and went up for her hat. Then began the same weary round of stores, factories, offices, shops. It was all so disheartening. Some told her to come back in a few days, some took her name, address, and phone number, some gave her no hope at all. But in a big city like P—, there are quite a lot of shops and factories and offices, and all of them cannot be gone over in one day, or even in several days. So, though Madeline was very low in spirits, because of her experience, she did not give up hope, for there must be a little niche somewhere where she might fit in. That evening, as she opened the front door of the boarding house, Mrs. Gallagher came rushing forward.

"Oh, Miss Madeline, the phone's been ringing for you all day."

"Who was it?" she asked, listlessly taking off her hat.

"That Walker fellow. He's just been awful anxious to get hold of you."

"Oh; yes? Well, he needn't," she replied, shortly.

"So you sent back the dresses? He said he was sorry, and he begs you to give him another chance." Madeline's eyes blazed.

"Never! Not ever, and if he was the last man on earth! Any man that dares—well, there's no use talking about it."

"He wanted to know if he couldn't send the dresses back to you, but I told him he'd better not, that I didn't know what you wanted to do about it."

"No, he can't send them back. I don't want them."

"But you paid for them, didn't you?" Mrs. Gallagher, as Madeline knew, was fishing for more information, and not wishing to appear in her eyes as foolish as she appeared in her own, she volunteered no information.

"I know, but I don't want them. He can do whatever he likes with them."

"My, but no one would ever have suspected that you could be so hard," laughed the landlady, and here they were once more interrupted by the phone.

"It's him again," said Mrs. Gallagher, holding her hand over the transmitter.

"Tell him I don't care to speak to him, and for him to please stop calling me." Mrs. Gallagher complied.

"He wants to know if this is absolutely final?"

"It is." And so that chapter was closed.

Weeks passed. Madeline tried long and hard to get a job of some kind. She entered her name in every employment agency in town; but the waiting lists were long, and every time she followed up an advertisement, there were fifteen or twenty others there as early as she was.

Once or twice she substituted for a girl gone on a vacation, or obtained a job of copy-work or envelope addressing for two or three days, but that was all. Her money was dwindling, and Mrs. Gallagher was growing a little uneasy, although Madeline paid her room rent regularly until she had reached her last five dollars. This she needed for lunch money. She had begun walking downtown to save the car fare, and this, she found, was not such a great saving after all, since her shoes wore out the quicker.

One day, it being rainy, and having a hole in each sole, she was forced to give out eighty-five cents for new soles, and this took a great bite out of her five dollars. Then, coming out of the shoe-repair shop, she saw a man hang out a sign, "Dish-washer wanted," and she immediately rushed in to obtain it. She was almost desperate now, and she was ready to scrub floor or polish brass balustrades if such work could be had. Once or twice she wondered if she had done wisely in leaving Turnerville, where she was always sure of a job at Mr. Breen's, and a room at some honest person's house. The dish-washing job turned out to be a desperate grind, not even a chance to think from seven in the morning until six at night. A man had held it previously, and she was so fatigued every evening that she merely ate her supper and went straight to bed.

But this job lasted only a week; the proprietor came and told her that his cousin had come from the country, and that he would have to give him the job. So she was out again. Then a week passed, two weeks, three weeks—and she was unable to pay her room rent. Mrs. Gallagher waited a little longer, and then told her that she must find another boarding house, and that she would have to keep Madeline's trunk until she was able to pay the back rent.

(To be continued)

The Assumption

When an earthly king or queen is crowned, what pomp there is, what ceremony, what vast and careful preparations have been going on for days and days; and at last, when the great day comes, what great parades there are, what flourishing of trumpets, what a display of glittering uniforms, of gaily caparisoned horses, groomed to satiny perfection, what grandeur of ladies' gowns and flashing jewels and ermine cloaks! Last of all, preceded by all this glittering pomp, come the king and queen themselves—the cynosure of all eyes, the objects of all the loud huzzahs and vivas that fill the air. Anyone who has seen a coronation procession, or who has read of the ceremonies, can picture to himself the greatness and importance of such an occasion, its beauty and grandeur.

What then must have been the wonder, the magnificence, the splendor of the spectacle when Christ's Mother, the Virgin of Virgins, the highest Woman in the Universe, was taken up to Heaven, to be crowned Queen—Queen of Heaven, of the angels, of the saints! Mary, who had mothered the infant Church after her Divine Son's Ascension, who had secretly yearned with inexpressible yearning for union with Him ever since the day when the clouds of heaven had closed in and hid Him from her view, was now awaiting the moment of inseparable union with Him. She, who had never been subject to sin, had, as is piously believed, lived a life free from sickness and disease, which are the consequences of sin; and, even though advanced in years, possibly about her sixty-fifth year, she still looked young and beautiful. Her death was not brought on by sickness, but was merely a passing from time to eternity. Feeling that the moment of dissolution was at hand, and that her sojourn in this valley of tears was ended, she spoke words of encouragement to the Apostles gathered around her (Thomas was absent at the time), and breathed forth her soul. The grief of the Apostles was boundless; they were inconsolable over the loss of the beloved Mother who had been their solace and mainstay during the years after her Son's Ascension. She was their one visible, human connection with the beloved Master Who had gone on before to prepare a place for those who loved Him and served Him faithfully.

Sadly and sorrowfully they prepared her for burial, and reluctantly carried her to the tomb—she who was the Daughter of the Most High—of whose body the Word made Flesh took His earthly temple. They knew not the glorious destiny in store for their Mother and Queen, for if they had, their sorrow would have been turned to joy inexpressible. They had no way of knowing what the Almighty had in mind, so they humbly gave her the most appropriate and reverent burial they could. When Thomas returned, he grieved so deeply over their loss, that the Apostles took him to the tomb, at least to view the earthly remains. But when the stone was removed—lo! What did they see? No quiet, sleeping woman—only snowy linen winding-sheets—and lilies, fresh, fragrant, dewy, as if they had but just been culled!

Caring for Fine Linens

Contrasting the care that two different women gave to their fine table linens: One was a bride, who had received at least six sets of fine, heavy, lustrous damask table linens. These, viewed at various times, seemed each time to be less satiny. Finally, at the end of two years, they had lost their lustre entirely, and were dull and flat, like any cotton imitation. There was another housewife; her linens were twenty years old; she, too, had many sets, and always alternated them in use on the table. Yet hers shone like satin each time the guests came to table. What was the reason? Some judged that old-time linens were made better than present-day materials, yet the bride's linens

had been expensive. The truth came out one day; the bride averred that "she was not going to stand all day over a washtub," so used the strongest and harshest washing aids she could find, that she might be quickly finished. The result was that materials soon wore out, and she was constantly buying new articles; the table damasks, however, being sturdy, stood the test of harsh powders and alkalis, but suffered loss of lustre, while the old housewife, whose twenty-year-old damasks still shone like satin after laundering, used nothing but mild soaps on hers, soaked them carefully beforehand, removed any spots immediately, before they were set, and never permitted them to be tossed about more than ten minutes in an electric washing machine.

Too long tossing about in a fast washing machine tends to make them fuzzy. Real linen does not hold on tenaciously to dirt like cotton, therefore only gentle handling is needed. Soaking for an hour in some harmless soap powder, bringing to a boil, and then putting in the machine for ten minutes should be all that is necessary. They should be ironed while still damp, but thoroughly dried with the iron, and not too many creases made. Linen to be laid away for a long time should be wrapped in dark blue paper to prevent yellowing.

That Window-Cleaning Job!

Yes, they must be cleaned, no matter how tiresome the job. But we have learned to take short cuts with our work instead of resignedly using the old-fashioned methods year in year out. Have you ever seen a meticulous housewife patiently toiling with two pieces of white cloth, one wet, one dry, while cleaning windows? First she rubs the pane with the wet cloth, and then polishes and polishes and polishes endlessly with the dry one, first because the cloth takes so long to absorb moisture, then, when half dry, it deposits a lot of lint, which in turn has to be wiped off thoroughly again if the window is to be clear. Perhaps she used two old cloths through economy; she does not wish to spend the money for a sponge and chamois. But these two helpful articles do not cost a fortune, and the saving on her arms muscles, and the extra minutes of leisure time these more efficient methods will give her, will more than repay the few cents she has given out.

The woman washing windows with a sponge and chamois can do four windows to the two done by the woman with "just two old rags." Another help is a "squeegee"—nothing more or less than a strip of rubber on a handle to scrape the water off the glass. Store owners with large plate glass windows get through their work quickly with them. Scratchy preparations should never be used on window glass. A little ammonia in the pail of water will make any window sparkle, and if there is grease on a window, soap and water, with a plain water rinse is safest. Many preparations which claim to be "scratchless" leave thousands of tiny scratch marks on window glass, which can readily be noticed when the sun shines upon the pane.

An old safety razor blade in one of the special little handles sold for the purpose, will quickly take off old paint spots from window glass. Fresh paint may be removed with turpentine.

If you wake up with a headache many mornings, blame the position of the bed. Never sleep against a blank wall. Have bed in the middle of the room if possible, so that the sides are free.

What Would You Say?

What would you say to a Protestant friend if he asked you why you confess your sins to a priest, and where he gets the power to absolve from sin? Would you know in what words our Lord instituted the Sacrament of Penance? Protestants often get things mixed. What would you say if your friend insisted that St. Peter, and not Jesus, was the founder of the Catholic Church? In what words would you prove it to him? Often Protestants want to know why we believe that the Pope is infallible; in what words would you prove this doctrine?

Protestant sects say, in their creed, that they believe "in the communion of saints," yet they refuse to pray to them, fearing to offend God, since He alone should be adored and worshipped. What argument would you use in defending petitions to Mary and the other Saints? Many are the knotty questions proposed by our separated brethren, and one of them is, the virgin birth of Christ. How would you explain that our dear Mother Mary still remained a Virgin, though becoming the Mother of Jesus? Someone may tell you that one religion is as good as another. Can you tell him why this is not so? Again, a half-scoffing friend may say to you, "No one is going to tell me I have to go to church every Sunday if I don't want to; where does your church get the authority to say it is a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday?" Would you be able to tell him where the Church gets this authority, and in what words?

If someone told you that all churches fell into error and that no one knows to-day what the real truth is, in what words of Christ would you prove to him that the Catholic Church is unable to fall into error? Suppose someone challenged the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist, would you be able to hold your own and tell the story of just how the Holy Eucharist was instituted?

Try to answer the questions, and if you falter, dig up your catechism and brush up; you never know when a soul seeking enlightenment will need your knowledge. Some faltering soul, ill instructed, about to fall away from the Faith, some wistful seeker after the truth, some misinformed Protestant who needs straightening out. But when you tell them, do it kindly, without rancor and without bitterness, no matter what argument may come up. There are many souls in the world to-day who need just a little help, a little encouragement, a bit of enlightenment, to bring them into the true Fold. One such soul, a young woman, wavering between faith and unfaith because of lack of

instruction, was saved to the True Fold by having all her questions satisfactorily answered, and all her doubts settled. She is a nun now.

Household Hints

Some pickling hints: Pickles heated too long in vinegar become soft. The boiling vinegar should be poured over the brine-soaked pickles in the jars and sealed at once. A few pieces of horse-radish added to the cucumber brine will prevent scum from rising. Vinegar may be diluted with water if too strong, but not too much, as this makes pickles soft. A tiny pinch of alum will keep pickles hard.

Pour a little ammonia into the discolored vase or cruet and all cloudiness will be removed from the glass if left to soak for awhile. Shake now and then and rinse with warm water.

Don't throw away old caked paint brushes; there are several wonderful brush cleansers on the market which can be bought for a dime, and in which a dozen brushes may be made like new, (from one package.)

In a pinch, if the polish bottle is empty, you can quickly make a cleanser for metals by mixing 1 cup cigar ashes with 2 tablespoons baking soda and mixing with a little water into a paste. Rub vigorously.

Recipes

APRICOT CUSTARD PIE: Purchase a small can of strained apricots, and mix with yolk of 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk and 4 tablespoons flour, all beaten well together. Line a pie pan with paste and pour mixture in, baking in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Cocoa may be used for chocolate pie by mixing 2 egg yolks, 1 cup sugar mixed with 2 teaspoons cocoa (dry), 1 cup milk and 4 tablespoons flour. Use the whites for meringues.

HAM PIE: Put 1 pound ham through coarse knife of grinder and add $\frac{1}{2}$ minced onion, 1 chopped green pepper, 2 chopped stalks celery, 1 cup diced potato, and after mixing well, put mixture into pie pan lined with paste. Moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or any left-over gravy, and sprinkle over 3 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Cover with top crust and bake 20 minutes.

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

(Continued from page 191)

for these conditions usually depend on some condition in the system."

Mr. R.—"Is it true, doctor, that sugar is bad for the teeth?"

Dr. H.—"There is no doubt that sugar increases the germs that form acid in the mouth, and there is also a strong trend among doctors to teach that large quantities of sugar taken into the system hold the lime in solution and prevents its proper deposit in bones and teeth."

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H.—"I think what Mr. Rackham meant, when he said he did not want anyone to teach him, was that he wanted the facts simply told, and not wrapped up in too many words."

Mr. R.—"That's just what I want. Too many words give me a headache."

Dr. H.—"Well I think from your last talk that you all know now how teeth begin to decay. Could you tell me about it?"

Mr. R.—"I know about it, and I am satisfied that you know about it, but I can't put it in words. I can't start it."

Mrs. Carey—"I took notes doctor, and I think I could tell you. First, the teeth are not kept clean, then germs begin to grow in the particles of food. These germs make a kind of acid as they grow and that is very bad for the lime in the teeth. The lime is eaten out, and leaves a cavity. Pretty soon the cavity deepens to the pulp or very near it. Then the pain begins and if there is nothing done about it the tooth will be destroyed."

Dr. H.—"Now that is very good indeed, Mrs. Carey."

Mr. R.—"I could have told you every word of that only I have not such a gift of the gab."

Dr. H.—"Perhaps, Mr. Rackham, you could tell me if we should have the teeth looked after as soon as the decay appears, or should we wait until they begin aching?"

Mr. R.—"Why a child would know that. The sooner you get that cavity filled the better."

Dr. H.—"But do you remember how you talked about the school nurse when she wanted a little girl's tooth filled before it began aching?"

Mr. R.—"We'll never mind about that now, but tell us what the dentist does to keep the other teeth from decaying?"

Dr. H.—"That is a good question and one that will take a good many words to answer. All the dentist can do is give instructions about the methods of keeping the teeth free from germs, how to brush them properly and if there seems to be some constitutional trouble that is causing a lack of lime to the teeth he will advise the patient to consult their family physician. He may also think that the patient is not eating the proper food. This is especially true of young children and is a point on which medical advice is often needed."

Mr. R.—"What kind of food would make any difference on teeth I'd like to know, except it was so hard that a person couldn't chew it."

Dr. H.—"You know that lime is used in the formation of the tooth; don't you think that if food were given with little or no lime in it that the teeth would suffer?"

Mr. R.—"Well what kind of food in the name of wonder has lime in it? I never heard of anyone eating lime."

Dr. H.—"You put lime on your land to make your

wheat and potatoes and oats thrive. They don't eat it, but they get it in some way that it benefits them."

Mr. R.—"Oh, that's another thing altogether. That's just the crops. I'm talking about people."

Dr. H.—"The crops take the lime, for they need it in their growth. We eat the flour and oat meal and potatoes, and from them we get the lime we need in our growth. The cow eats the grass that has taken lime from the soil and we drink her milk and get our supply in that way. Milk is a very fine way of supplying lime to young children especially, but we do not see or taste the lime."

Mr. R.—"Well, if that is not the strangest thing I ever heard—the way one thing is depending on another. It would make a man think."

Dr. H.—"There is a lot of strange things in the world, but the strangest of all is how hard we make the simplest work, and how we follow forms, without ever once thinking with our own minds, though God has given a mind to each one of us. When we go to do something for ourselves, if we would simply think of what end we were aiming at, we would likely see the easiest way, but we always ask, how?"

"Let us consider this matter of brushing the teeth. What do you brush them for? No other matter but to remove any particle of food that may cling to them. Nothing that requires any great effort is it? Yet observe the instructions that are given a child. There were even some 'films' gotten out under the title of 'health' where a group of children stood up sawing away at their teeth with their toothbrushes, to the march of the wooden soldiers, while a nurse stood before them in the pose of an orchestra director. Such humbug is answerable for much of the infected gums and pyorrhea that we suffer from, and which has cost many a good tooth."

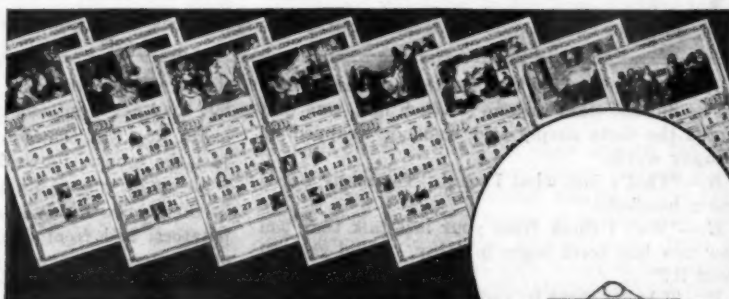
"The cleaning of teeth is an intelligent act and not a gesture. The brush should be selected to the age of the person who is to use it, as children cannot use properly a brush for an adult. It should never be stiff. No matter how stiff it is, it will never remove anything but the loose particles of food, but it may tear the tender attachment to the gum and make way for infection. Therefore a soft brush is the only brush fit to put in the mouth. Draw the cheek out by inserting the finger that you may see what you are about to do. Wipe gently from the gums upward outside and inside using plenty of water then rinse the mouth with clear water."

"All these highly advertised tooth powders and pastes are not only useless but they divert the mind off its true purpose, which is removing food particles from the teeth. Disagreeable breath does not often rise from the teeth, and if it did there is something the matter that tooth pastes or powder will not cure and you should see the dentist, more often the physician."

(Continued on page 190)

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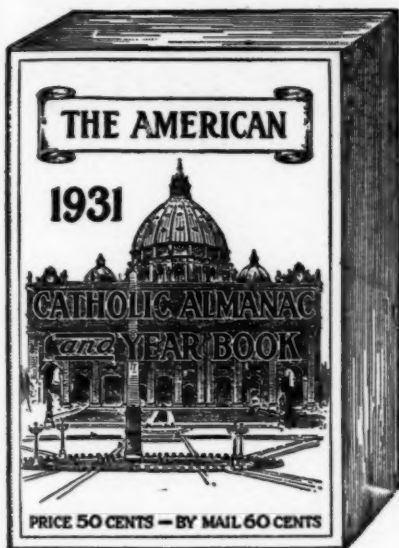
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